

THE SATURDAY

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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HER ANSWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

"I think I have heard you rightly,
And this way the matter stands;
You aim to become my master,
As you are of your gold and lands—
You wish me to fawn and follow,
And serve you with fettered hands—

"To flatter in your flimsy sneer,
To enter in your hollow state—
To start a life of falsehood,
Through a false and lying gate—
To dwarf my heart for diamonds,
And cripple my soul for plate.

"A modest and generous offer,
Which only a man could make!
No this is the burden of duties
You wish me to stoop and take?
Nor fear that my strength might falter,
Nor dread lest my heart might break?

"Your wife! It were too much honor!
Pray, what is your wish and bounty,
The slave of your whim and bounty,
The pet of your luxury—
A careful, obsequious servant—
In the picture at all like me?

"I know how you reckoned your chances—
Your wooing has shown me that—
She is poor—I will make her wealthy—
Oh, joy to be wondered at!
But you are a monstrous camel,
While poverty's only a guest!

"If women are only insects—
Poor, insignificant things,
I am not a cricket, that always
Contentedly sits and sings
But a chrysalis, unexpanded,
Impatient for promised wings.

"There are various minor trifles,
Not even your gold can gain—
You cannot impress the sunlight,
You cannot compel the rain—
And I am more useful than either—
You flatter and sue in vain!

"Away with your gilded fetters—
They rattle, although they shine—
The goblet of bliss you offer,
Smacks strongly of poisoned wine—
Your ring is too small for my finger,
Your life is too narrow for mine."

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XII.

ALASTIA.

We remained for more than three weeks at Rms, notwithstanding the prejudices of my friend, and passed them very pleasantly. We sketched, rode, read, and made long pedestrian excursions to the Lindenbach Valley, the Castle of Marksburg, and the Convent of Arnsberg. We also visited the iron-works of Hohenstein, and the silver-smelting furnace in the neighboring vale, and spent many happy hours following the windings of the Lahn, or boating up to that romantic point where the little tributary river glides peacefully into the broad embraces of the Rhine.

During this time we had repeatedly entered the Conversation House at hours when the music was not going forward, and seldom without finding Fletcher in the gaming-rooms. It was plain that he had become a confirmed player. He had his appointed seat at the table; his nod of recognition from the croupier; his mute greeting from one or two who, like himself, were punctual in their attendance. He had also acquired a certain command of feature which he did not at first possess; yet such was the constitutional nervousness of his temperament, that, despite all his care, it was still betrayed now and then in the eager intensity of his gaze, and in the tremulous lip and hand. An attentive observation of his play and the variations of his luck, assured me that in the long run he was no inconceivable loser. What he gained one night he lost, and more than lost, the next; and at those very moments when Fortune seemed more than usually kind towards him, the most signal reverse was certain to be at hand.

I do not say that he ever hazarded largely, or that he lost at any great amount; but I saw enough to convince me that his limited resources could not long withstand the impoverishment consequent upon drains so exhausting and so incessant as these. I also noticed, with a feeling of regretful pity which I cannot express, that each day only added to the ghastly pallor of complexion and the unnatural brilliancy of eye which stamps the opium-eater; that his tone of mind grew more absent, more unsettled, more purposeless and disjointed—that his gray hair, once so thick, became thin, and hung about his neck and brow in long, uncut, neglected locks. Sometimes, when we met him in the grounds, he would pointedly avoid me—sometimes maintain an obstinate silence after the first greetings were exchanged—sometimes pour forth a string of wandering phrases with a kind of voluble indifference that was infinitely painful to witness. Once or twice, when we encountered him in the rooms or under the colonnade, he did not even recognize us; and he seldom or never recollected either of our names. I have stood for hours together behind his chair and

watched the changes of his fortune without his ever dreaming that I was there.

I found myself much interested in the fate of this eccentric man—more interested than Seabrook, who had known him longer. I knew that he was blindly travelling towards ruin, and the same fascination which impels us to watch a rider whose horse has taken fright, or a shipwreck, or any fatal and inevitable misfortune, impelled me, as it were, to track the course of this infatuation. I felt that I must be at hand to count the steps of his descent—to watch it from day to day, from depth to depth; and when matters came to the worst, to be enabled, at the right moment, to step forward and save him from absolute destruction.

"It is his only chance of amendment," I replied, when rallied by Seabrook on my devotion to the gaming-tables. "When all is lost, I will say to him—'Here is gold for thy necessities, but not for thy vices. Promise me to play no more.' If he have a spark of honor and good faith remaining, he will be cured."

But my friend only shook his head and sighed, and went off to play at billiards with some young men whom he knew in the town, and among whom he passed away those hours which I spent in the Conversation House.

One evening I missed him from his accustomed place. I scarcely knew whether to be pleased or alarmed at this unusual absence; but at all events I felt an inward uneasiness that caused me to direct my steps to the gardens at an earlier hour than the next night.

The music of the band came pleasantly through the trees as I entered the gate, and I made my way at once to the pavilion.

A stranger was confiding in his place—he was not there. A cold sensation crept over me.

"He has lost everything," I said, to myself. "He was in despair—perhaps he has committed suicide. And! Alas, I had hoped to save him!"

This fear was too much for me. I sat down upon a vacant bench, and leaned my head against a tree. Presently the music ceased. I rose up and went over, with the intention of asking some of the players; I hesitated; and while I hesitated, the leader gave the signal, and they recommenced. I returned to my seat, in an agitation for which I could not account, and of which I felt ashamed, even to myself.

"What's Heuchra to me, or I to Heuchra!" I muttered. "Doubtless the man is safe; and, at all events, the fault is not mine."

Selfish reasoning, and hollow as selfish, for it availed me nothing; and when I at last summoned resolution, and asked the conductor after my new acquaintance, I felt as nervous as before.

"The Herr Fletcher," replied the young man, politely, "is not well. For some days he has been indisposed; and, for the last two, he has been confined to his apartment."

"Will you oblige me with his address?" He pencilled it on the back of an old letter, and handed it to me.

"Thanks. And his illness?" The musician shrugged his shoulders.

"Really, mein Herr, I have not the least notion."

I touched my hat, turned away, and glancing at the address written on the letter, threaded the garden paths as rapidly as I could, and went into the town.

Hollandischer Hof! I did not remember to have seen any hotel or lodging-house of that name since my arrival at Rms. I went up to a waiter standing upon the steps of the Hotel de Russie, and inquired of him if he knew it; but he only stared at the paper with an insolent air, and bade me ask the donkey-drivers over the way.

Rudely as the advice was meant, I acted upon it, and was directed to an obscure quarter of the town, lying down by the river side, near the bridge of boats, where the watermen colonized.

It was a wretched spot—wet, unpaved, and dirty. There were children, pigs, poultry and donkeys wandering, uncontrolled, through the narrow lanes. Large heaps of refuse lay before each door. The voices of women quarrelling were loud within—men leaned, smoking, from the upper windows; and all the atmosphere around was tainted and heavy. At the farthest extremity of this Alastia, I found the mean inn dignified by the name of the Hollandischer Hof.

He was crouching over a small stove in a comfortable garret, wrapped in a blanket taken from the bed, and shivering piteously. He looked very pale and ill, and had not shaved for three or four days. His hands, too, as he held them towards the open door of the stove, seemed almost transparent. I could not have believed that I should see so startling a change after so brief an absence.

When I tapped upon his door he made no answer—when I entered the room he neither turned nor spoke—when I stood beside him, and uttered a few simple words of apology and condolence, he only looked up with a listless, weary air, and sighed heavily.

"I am indeed sorry to find you thus, Mr. Fletcher. I feared that you were ill when I saw a stranger conducting the band, and so I took the liberty of calling to—to inquire if you were better."

He stared dreamily into the fire, and remained silent.

"You have some medical advice, I trust?" He moaned and shook his head.

I looked round the room for a chair, and seeing only an old deal box beside the window, I

dragged it over to the fire, and sat down opposite to him.

"I consider that it is absolutely necessary for you to have proper attendance, Mr. Fletcher. You must permit a friend of mine—a man highly distinguished by his professional skill—to call upon you. I know that he will gladly oblige me in so small a matter."

Heaven forgive me! I had not a friend, or even an acquaintance, in all Rms, except Norman Seabrook. But my eminent physician would suit the character; and I consoled myself by arguing that it was, after all, but a figure of speech.

As the musician still said nothing, I went on.

"My friend shall see you this very evening—and—and I think—that is, I suppose it probable, that he will order you wine—generous living—perhaps expensive medicines."

He looked up hastily.

"No—no," he said, in a low, hurried tone, "no—I am well—better. No physician—no physician!"

"Pardon me, but it is necessary. I assure you that you are more unwell than you suppose. I will go at once in search of my friend; and in the meantime—in case you should require anything—pray excuse me—I shall call again to-morrow. Good evening—good evening!"

And I hastened from the room, down the dark staircase, with its balustrade of greasy rope, and out into the lanes below, leaving a couple of gold pieces upon the table at his side.

Once more outside the house, I shuddered, and thrust my hand into the breast of my coat, for I had touched him at parting, and that clammy chill, like the chill of death, seemed yet to cling against the palm.

What a den! what a neighborhood! I strode rapidly along the alleys in the direction of the Hauptstrasse, in the hope of reaching the gardens before all the company had departed, and of finding there some one of those medical gentlemen whom I had learned to recognize by sight during my brief sojourn. Everything seemed to impede my way. The watermen were returning to their homes for the night—the donkey-drivers, with their weary beasts, were thronging along on their way to seek wretched stabling as the place afforded—a broken-down cart, with a gaping crowd around, blocked up the pathway. Added to this, it was getting dark, and some rain began to fall.

When I felt the first drops of the shower, I knew that my last chance was gone, and my fears proved to be correct; for when I reached the gardens, the gay company had all dispersed, and the musicians were just in the act of hastening away with their instrument-cases in their hands. One of these I stopped.

"Pardon, monsieur; but can you direct me to a physician?"

"A physician! Indeed no, mein Herr; not I."

And shaking my hand roughly from his sleeve, the man endeavored to pass on.

"One moment, I beseech you," I continued, nothing daunted, as I again seized him by the arm. "It is for Mr. Fletcher; he whom you know. He is very ill. Pray, help me to find a physician!"

The name of Fletcher instantly produced the desired effect. He paused—looked at me—hesitated—and finally, summoning one of his companions, exchanged with him some sentences in a kind of rough patois German, which I could not understand. After a few moments, the new comers turned to me with an air of respectful civility, saying:

"If the Herr Graf will be so good as to follow me, I will conduct him to the apartments of a famous physician close at hand."

He led the way, I followed, and the man whom I had first addressed, turned swiftly off in another direction.

Suffice it here that we found the gentleman, that I introduced myself to him, stated the particulars of the case, furnished him with the address, and had the satisfaction of seeing him depart.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

Sometimes together, sometimes separately, sometimes in the company of the physician, we visited Fletcher at his miserable lodging at least once in every day. We had found him too weak and ill to be removed; but he had now a nurse, and all such comforts as his condition required. He was indeed very ill. Intense, morbid anxiety acting upon a nervous constitution, which was already sufficiently undermined by the long and unremitting use of opium, had ended in a low fever, which, day by day, was assuming a more malignant character.

One morning we found him moaning and tossing upon his bed, and quite delirious. The nurse said that he had been thus since a little past midnight. It was a painful spectacle; and we stood silently by the fire, looking at him, till the physician arrived. This gentleman was stout and tall, with a lion-like face, and green eyes, and a profusion of rings and chains, and a mass of rough, shaggy hair, like a mane.

He was late to-day, and came up-stairs very quickly and softly, stopping short upon the threshold, as he saw the condition of the patient. He then took his place beside the bed, and saying that he had expected this change, laid his hand upon the hot brow, and counted the leaping pulse.

After a few moments he shook the mane very

gravely, and laid poor Fletcher's hand gently down upon the coverlet.

"Brain fever," he said, very distinctly and slowly. "Brain fever!"

We looked each other in the face without speaking. The physician rose, and imparted some directions to the nurse—scratched a hasty prescription—bowed, and moved towards the door.

"But there is hope!" cried Seabrook, in a low, quick voice. "There is hope!"

The physician glanced keenly from me to the patient, and back again, and looked uncomfortable.

"Well—really," he said, hesitatingly, "I—I—The gentleman is your friend, perhaps, monsieur?" (turning to me), "a—a relation?"

I made a gesture of dissent, and Seabrook said, impatiently:

"Mr. Fletcher is comparatively a stranger to both of us, sir. Pray give your unreserved opinion. Is he in much danger?"

He appeared relieved by this; but still hesitated.

"Brain fever," he remarked, "frequently proves fatal; and, again, many persons recover from it. The patient is not strong; but delicate persons often go through sickness better than more robust subjects. We must, however, remember that opium is, in itself, a slow poison."

"But your reply, sir! your reply!" urged my friend. "Is there no hope?"

The physician was now at the door, with one foot down upon the first stair.

"I—I fear—that is to say—at least—No, gentlemen. I regret to say—none."

And once more shaking his head, so that the mane swung like a pendulum from side to side, he bowed, coughed apologetically, and made his way down as quickly and softly as he came up.

It was quite late in the evening when I next saw him. I had left Seabrook writing letters; the night was dark and wet; the low lanes by the river were ankle-deep in mire; scarce a soul was abroad; and the hungry dogs were fighting over the bones upon the dunghills. There was noise of revelry and loud laughter in the public room of the Hollandischer Hof, and as I hurried through the dark passage and up the narrow stairs, I heard fragments of a popular Rhine-song and chorus, and inhaled a fog of coarse tobacco-smoke.

It was strange; but, as I advanced, the sound, instead of lessening, became louder. I paused at the foot of the last flight, and listened attentively.

Yes—beyond a doubt! It grows more distinct with every step I take. The words are those by Mathias Claudius, which I know so well;—the voice—ah! the voice in which they are chanted! I shudder—I pause—I hasten forward—I push open the door. Alas!

"On the Rhine, on the Rhine,
There grows the vine!
Bliss be the Rhine!"

He is sitting up in his bed, wild and haggard; and, as I enter, chants these lines with a ghastly mirth, more shocking than tears or ravings. The fire has gone out—the candle burns dimly—the nurse is absent. All is gloomy, comfortable and chill.

Shuddering, I take my seat beside him; but he never notices my presence, and still goes on singing:

"From the banks down below,
Up the mountains they grow,
And yield us this wine!
This wine of the Rhine!"

He has thrown off the covering, and flings his arms up wildly above his head as he finishes the verse. I twine mine around him, soothe him with gentle words, and induce him, for a few moments, to lie down. Unfortunately, I have omitted to shut the door, and again the chorus, with its accompaniment of clattering glasses, swells loud below and comes up distinctly to our ears.

He starts up laughing (how I wish he would not laugh in that way!), and bursts forth again with a hoarse, frantic vehemence that makes me shudder:

"With the leaves of the vine
Let us gaily entwine
Each beaker of wine!
Drink it merrily dry,
And all Europe dry!
To equal this wine!
This wine of the Rhine!"

I go over and shut the door. He pauses; listens eagerly; looks round; and hearing nothing, moans softly several times, and rocks himself to and fro, as if in pain.

Once more I induce him to lie down; but he keeps muttering absently between his teeth, and shivers piteously. I pile bedclothes over him, and coats, and a woman's cloak which hangs beside the door. I chafe his cold hands in mine; I place the candle on one side, that he may not see the light; and, as he seems quieter, I hope that he may sleep. However, he still moans and mutters, and, from time to time, vague fragments of the song yet escape his lips.

"Faster!" he says—thinking, perchance, that he is conducting in the orchestra—

"Faster! you are all too slow—I tell you, presto! What! here already! I thought you were in London! Frankfurt! Frankfurt!

Ah! I must not stay here! Away! Beautiful land, I hate you! Hark! what is that! Wine! Ha! ha! Wine and cards! 'So drink, drink the wine! Rejoice in the wine!' Are you come again, Margaret? Poor Margaret! How pale you are, poor Margaret. Like your mother, Margaret—like your mother, as I last

saw her—in her shroud, poor Margaret! And Frank! Where is Frank? Frank! Frankfurt! Thence! Ah! I remember you! Dare you show yourself before me? Poor Margaret!—poor—poor—"

His voice grew fainter—the words came thickly and heavily—his eyes closed—he started twice or thrice, and presently he slept.

His slumber lasted, as I should think, three hours. At first he seemed to dream peacefully, and tossed restlessly upon the pillows, grasping my hand the while with strong energy, as if associating with it some wandering notion of protection. By and by he grew calmer—his hold relaxed—his head fell back—and, save for his quick, meaning respirations, I could almost have fancied that he was dead.

Thus the dreary night waned. The revelers in the inn parlour broke up and went forth, slinging, into the streets. The doors are barred loudly below. The profound stillness prevails within and without. The clock chimes sadly in this and the neighboring house; and still the sick man sleeps, and still the nurse comes not.

By and by he wakes. I am not apprised of this by any movement of his; but, on turning round, find his eyes fixed earnestly upon me. Something peculiar in the expression of his face—something strange in the depths of his eyes, causes me to bend down suddenly towards him, and call him by his name.

"Is that you, sir?" he says faintly, and with some difficulty of articulation. "Is that you? You're very good to me, sir."

The delirium is gone; but there is now a look upon his face which fills me with more dread than that of mere insanity.

"Do you feel better now?" I ask him.

"Are you in pain?"

"No, sir. No pain—but a—a numbness seems to be taking me. I—I think I'm going—this time—sir."

I strive to reassure him—to smile—to shake him by the hand; but mine trembles so that even he feels it, and the words die away upon my lips. He asks for water, and, when he has had it, closes his eyes, and so lies for several minutes quite still and silent. Presently he looks up and speaks again; and this time I notice that his speech is more labored than before.

"I feel it coming. This—numbness—this—I—I have no one to ask—but—but you, sir. Will—will you—"

"I will do anything for you," I exclaim, with warmth. "I meant to offer, in—in case—"

He understands me, and looks grateful, but for some minutes seems unable to enunciate. The hand which I hold in mine appears momentarily to grow colder, and large drops of perspiration gather upon his brow and upper lip. Again I bid him speak, for, alas! there is no time to lose now.

"I—I have a daughter, sir—a daughter—Margaret—in—Brussels—a school—write—"

"I will go to her!" I say, quickly. "Give me her address. What do you wish me to say to her? Have you any property?"

"No—money—spent—gambling—poor—school—Brussels—"

"Yes, I know! But where? What street?"

"Rue Leopold, No. 24—Madame—Von Plasts—"

"Enough. Have you anything else to tell me? Any message to Margaret? Any other person you wish me to see?"

I speak this earnestly and loudly, for his sense of hearing seems to grow dull, and a gray, gray tint is stealing down gradually over his face.

"Protect—warn—protect—"

"I will protect her!" I say, fervently. "I will protect her!"

He stares up at me with a beseeching expression, and strives to rise. I lift him in my arms; but he can scarcely breathe, and his dumb efforts at articulation are fearful to witness. Then the pupils of his eyes dilate preternaturally—his lips move—his features assume a look of intense anxiety, almost of rage or hatred—the gray shadow creeps down, down, and overspreads all his countenance—he falls heavily back—quivers once all over, and is then quite still.

He has fallen upon my arm, and for some time I dread to move it, lest I should disturb his last moments. However, he lies there so motionless that I need not fear his waking; so in a few minutes I withdraw it, and, taking the candle over to the bedside, stand there looking down upon the dead face.

What untold tale was hidden there? What strange tragedy of wrongs, and bitter hatreds, and fond loves, would go down unrecorded to the grave and be buried in the outer heart of this poor human sufferer? What hand was destined to unclasp the Book of the Past, and read therein the Chronicle of his Life-History?

I knew not; but in that solemn hour I felt a strange awe and exaltation upon me, as if with the great duty which I had undertaken, an Era had begun for me, and a new blessing had dawned upon my path.

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE CURTAIN, PAUSE MARGARET!"

"Rue de Leopold, No. 24. Madame Von Plasts—"

I had arrived in Brussels late the night before, and, overpowered by the long journey from Cologne, had slept till the shops were opened and the foot passengers all stirring in the busy streets around me. I woke with these words upon

my lips—could think of nothing else during my hasty breakfast; and, immediately after, hurried forth in quest of the school and my young ward—self-constituted guardian as I was!

Strange, how this one event had changed the whole tone and tenor of my mind—how it had braced my weary nerves; reawakened my interest in things; occupied my thoughts with pleasant images; and given a purpose and an impulse to my daily life! I was always dreaming of this child which the poor musician had confided to me on his dying bed—wondering whether she were fair or dark, playful or sedate—hoping that her eyes might be blue, like those of Adrienne; and forming conjectures as to her age, size, disposition, and talents; for to none of these did I possess the slightest clue. I amused myself by rehearsing in my own mind all that I should say to her when we met—I accustomed myself, in idea, to the name of "Father," which I thought would sound sweeter than that of "Guardian" from her infant lips. I framed the wildest impossibilities. I was to devote myself entirely to her; to educate her in all that I deemed fittest for her improvement, and to grow wiser myself in the gentle task. She was to console me for my disappointment—to be the comfort and pride of my old age; the inheritance of my fortune; the adopted daughter of my heart.

Nay, I had even thought of legally investing her with the name of my family!

From the moment that we had consigned the remains of poor Fletcher to the little burying-place beyond Rms, I had found it impossible to restrain my impatience, and had hurried along the glorious Rhine-scenery lying between Coblenz and Bonn without even a wish to linger by the way. From Bonn to Cologne, from Cologne to Brussels, had been the rapid journey of a day; and not even the persuasions of my friend, who remained obstinately at the City of the Three Kings, could induce me to defer my further progress for a few hours. Perhaps, were I to search my own motives narrowly, I should be forced to acknowledge that his very determination to explore the antiquities of Cologne bore some share in the urgency of my desire to proceed. I wished to present myself alone to the little orphan, and I could not endure to share that first interview even with Norman Seabrook. There was to me an importance in our newly established relation to each other, a sacredness in the grief that I was to unfold to her, which admitted of no publicity—besides, I had built such a fairy chateau in my mind upon the affection which she was to give me, that I felt jealous lest I should not be the first and only one whom she would learn to love.

"Rue de Leopold, No. 24. Madame Von Plasts—"

The road was not long, although I thought it so in my impatience; but I had to ask my way several times; to traverse streets and squares utterly strange to me; to turn back twice or thrice when I had taken a wrong turning, or been misdirected. Besides, it was market-day, and the open places were all thronged with stalls and country people; and many whom I had addressed could not comprehend either my French or German, but had replied to me in their unintelligible Flemish dialect. Then the novelty of the architecture, so different to anything that I had previously seen, bewildered and distracted me. A regiment of Belgian Chasseurs, with their dark uniforms, and curious round hats surmounted by plumes of cock's feathers, defiled along the very street which I was about to cross, and kept me waiting, as it seemed to me, full a quarter of an hour. I was waylaid and followed by importunate gaudy and commiseration—in short, every possible aggravation and delay seemed to combine against me.

At length I found the Rue de Leopold, a little street running at the back of the theatre, consisting of shops, hotels, and private houses. Walking slowly down the centre, and looking from side to side alternately, I came to No. 24. It was a large white house standing back from the street, with an outer wall, and heavy wooden gates, decorated with two ponderous knockers. Within were long, close rows of jalousied windows; the topmost branches of one or two lofty lime trees; and, on the coping, in letters a foot long, the words, "Pensionnat des Demoiselles."

How my heart beat as I lifted the heavy knocker; as I asked for Madame Von Plasts; as I heard that she was within, and followed the hobbling old concierge across the courtyard to the steps of the mansion, where I was met by a stout footman in a sober livery, and by him preceded to a spacious drawing room opening upon a garden.

"Madame will be with Monsieur, directly." Directly! It seemed an age to me. I sat down—rose—sat down again—examined the pictures upon the walls; the books lying upon the table; the visiting cards in the filigree basket; the little figures of Dresden china on the shelves of the invalid cabinet. Surely these were the sounds of music! I listened attentively, and heard a chorus of female voices, supported by the deep undertones of an organ. Doubtless we were in the neighborhood of some church; and yet it was not the hour for service.

It certainly appeared to come from the direction of the garden! I went over and opened the window. This time I could not be mistaken, for I heard the very words and recognized the very notes of a choral movement by Marcello.

The garden was spacious, but gloomy; surrounded by a high wall, overgrown by ivy and green moss, planted here and there with tall, dark

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE UNIVERSAL TOPIC—HOW THINGS ARE MANAGED—AN UNPOPULAR TREATY—A DRAUGHTED HISTORIAN—MOVEMENTS IN ITALY—A REMOVED VIEW—A NEW STYLE OF CRITICISM.

Paris, July 21, 1859.

My dear friend:

The excessive heat of the last week is the subject of universal comment and complaint; the thermometer having gone up several times as high as 99 degrees in the shade, and attaining, on one dreadful afternoon, the height of 101. The heat has been, and is, greater than at any period since 1794; in some of the southern towns of France the local courts, unable to transact business under the pressure of such a temperature, are meeting at half-past six in the morning; and from all parts of Europe come cries of distress for the parching up of the fruits of the earth, and the sufferings of man and beast from drought and sun-stroke. Of late years the months of June, July, and August appear to have an increasing temperature. When the annual temperatures are drawn out into a curve, it is found that they present a minimum nearly every 15 years. The maximum temperatures have been in 1808, 1825, 1843, 1846, 1847, 1852, 1854, 1857, 1858; and those years were, for the most part, much below the present. The minimum points have been in 1771, 1784, 1799, 1814, 1829, 1838, 1855, or at intervals of 13, 15, 15, 9, and 17 years; so that we are now, according to this calculation, on the advancing side of the curve of the temperature; and must expect, if this rule holds good, to be grilled every summer until at least 1862. The grapes, it is supposed, will be magnificent this year, and wine *ditto*; but strawberries, raspberries, and other summer fruits are scarce and dear. The excessive heat is drying up and killing not only the fruit, but the plants and bushes. A market gardener, who has forty acres of strawberries just outside of the town, tells me that his plants are actually dying, not of the drought, (for he has them watered every day,) but of "sun-stroke." They cannot support such a temperature as that in which we are now suffocating. The melons, even, find it "too hot."

This mention of melons, by the way, reminds me of a curious little fact brought to my knowledge the other day, and shows how strangely systematic the French are; in little things, as in larger ones, allowing their freedom of action to be fettered as a matter of course, and as though fetters were natural and inevitable things. The market gardener referred to, is also a great raiser of melons, has a great reputation for the fineness of his fruit, and has had the honor, for the last two years, of supplying the imperial table with this particular article. Every day his best melons are regularly consumed at the Tuilleries; but they are always sent by him, not to the palace direct, but to the Central Fruit-Market, and thence to the Tuilleries! Nobody in France ever thinks of getting a product direct from the producer. Everything must go through the regular chain of intermediaries, and reach the customer by the same prescribed road. As a French gentleman remarked to me a few days since, when lamenting the sluggishness and apathy with which all agricultural, and in general, all commercial undertakings are carried on here, "In France the middlemen are the base and ruin of the producer."

The Emperor reached St. Cloud on Sunday last at ten o'clock, having travelled as rapidly as possible, affording the Parisians no chance of manifesting their feelings with regard to the peace thus hastily concluded, "because," as the Emperor says in his latest proclamation, "the revolution was beginning to mix itself up with the movement in Italy." When the news of the peace reached Paris, the Emperor, expecting the Emperor back on the following Thursday, ordered the National Guard to be ready to turn out on that day, to form the hedge as usual, on his passage. It would seem that the universal disapprobation felt here by people of all shades of opinion, has induced the Emperor to return to his home in a manner which, considering the tastes and habits of the French, and the way in which they are accustomed to see every pretext for getting up a "spectacle" turned to account by their present ruler, may almost be termed "clandestine."

A grand reception of the various great bodies of the State has been held at St. Cloud, in which a vast deal of adulation was naturally offered to the Emperor, his "august spouse," and "that noble child;" but, as yet, Paris has not been favored with a sight of the imperial countenance; and as the whole family are just going off to the baths of Plombières, it is tolerably clear that we shall not see the Emperor until the 15th of next month, his fête-day, when a detachment of every division that has taken part in the war, is to make a triumphal entry into this city; when the magnificent conduct of these brave fellows will, of course, ensure for them a warm reception, and the Emperor will thus, apparently, reap the glory of an ovation which, in the present state of public feeling, it is pretty certain would not be accorded to himself.

All eyes here are turned with anxiety to Italy, where, as we now learn, 40,000 French troops are to remain, under the orders of Marshal Vaillant; the rest of the army being brought back to France with all convenient speed. However much the beginning of the war may have been disapproved of, it was impossible not to hope that promises of liberty for that country, so boldly made in the face of Europe, so trustfully and nobly received by the Italians, should not have led to something better than this false and traitorous compromise with Austria, this utter mockery of Piedmont and the other Italian States whose people have so emphatically declared for union with her; this army of occupation encamped in the heart of a country whose people Louis Napoleon could urge, not a month ago, "to be soldiers only to day, in order to be the citizens of a great and free country to-morrow;" and the enthusiasm with which the Emperor's supposed championship of Italian freedom was regarded here by those who desire to see a more liberal regime introduced at home, is now equalled by the bitterness of the disappointment.

ment to which their hopes have been subjected. These persons, really believing that the Emperor was sincere in his promises to Italy, looked to his success there, and to the liberal policy it was believed would follow them in that country, as the forerunners of the inauguration of a more liberal state of things here. Thus, after the battle of Magenta, a well-known historian here, deservedly respected for his talent and moderation, and who, like all the intellectual men of France, deeply regrets the tightness of the rein now held over the pen, was walking in a state of quiet ecstasy through the streets, enjoying the illumination, and dreaming of the "better days" they portended, when it struck him that he heard, among the cries and hum of voices about him, the cry of "Vive l'Italie!" at a little distance. Scarcely daring to believe his ears, and melted almost to tears with delight at the thought that things were mending to the point of permitting such a cry in the streets of Paris, M. H. M. rushed to a policeman who happened to be on duty near him, and exclaimed, "Oh, Monsieur, pray tell me, is it really *vive l'Italie* that I hear being cried near us?" The sergeant, supposing from the very respectable appearance of his interlocutor, that he was some devoted "friend of order," and fearing, from his evident emotion, that he was indignant at such a cry, and might therefore get him (the sergeant) into trouble by doing a complaint against him for not doing his duty by arresting the authors of the supposed breach of the public peace, replied, with an alarmed and deprecating expression of countenance, "But, monsieur, that cry is not forbidden! At least I have not received any orders respecting it!" M. H. M., whose fingers have been itching for the last two months to be writing of all the glorious things, for Italy, for France, and for the world in general, which he has been so confidently expecting to flow from "the change of policy" attributed to the Emperor, felt his enthusiasm a good deal "let down" by this reply, reminding him so clearly of the state of political and social tutelage to which France has condescended to bring herself; and showing so conclusively that the change of domestic regime he was looking for, was very far from being commenced as yet. As before remarked, the feeling of indignation at this betrayal of Italian interests, is universal in this city, whatever the papers may say to the contrary. The proclamation just posted up, explaining that the Emperor has made his peace, in order to avoid giving arms to "the Revolution," is severely criticised by the public. A friend, passing through the streets an hour ago, heard an *ouvrier*, who had just read it, declaring loudly that it was "an infamous betrayal!" My friend, though fully agreeing in the remark, was struck by the man's impudence, and counselled him to be more prudent. "What good will you do by getting yourself snappet up and walked off to prison?" he asked of the excited workman. The latter gave a shrug such as only a Parisian can give, and, no doubt, appreciating the hint, walked quietly away. The feeling is, as already said, universal.

How the Commissioners of France, Austria, and Sardinia, who are, it is said, to meet at Zurich, to settle the details of the new arrangements, will manage to get the business into shape, no one can guess. Meantime, private letters from all parts of Italy speak of the excitement of the people, and the intensity of their indignation and disappointment. The resignation of Count Cavour and the whole Sardinian ministry is a significant fact; and still more significant is the news, which has just reached us, that Count Arco, an intimate personal friend of the French Emperor, who was called upon to form the new Sardinian Cabinet, "has not succeeded in the mission entrusted to him, and that M. Rattazzi, a far more advanced democrat than Cavour, has been called upon by Victor Emmanuel to form the new Government, and has already done so, himself succeeding Cavour. This fact is regarded here as the answer of Victor Emmanuel to the new policy of his late ally.

Meantime, the people of Tuscany are preparing to assert the privileges accorded to them by the Constitution of 1848, and are about to hold a general *plebiscite*, to pronounce on the form of government they wish to have. The other States of North Italy will no doubt follow this wise and dignified example; and it is difficult to believe that, should they declare against the restoration of their deposed rulers, that Austria and France will be allowed by the rest of Europe to force them into obedience at the point of the bayonet.

A deputation from Parma has just been to Turin, reiterating the desire of that duchy to join itself to Piedmont; and in Modena the people are signing an address to Victor Emmanuel, protesting against being separated from his kingdom. The Emperor Francis Joseph is gone back to Vienna; but it is rumored here that he will soon, with the Empress, visit Paris, as the guest of his late adversary.

We hear most painful accounts of the tyrannical proceedings of Austria in Venice; the numerous arrests constantly being made there, and the cruelties with which these are accompanied. On the other hand, we are told that Francis Joseph is seriously determined to inaugurate the needed reforms in the various portions of his heterogeneous dominions, which are now to be put in possession of the benefits promised them by their Constitution of 1848. The Exhibition of Fine Arts—got up like everything else in France by the Government—has just closed. Some few of the paintings, and one or two of the statues, are interesting; but, in general, the Exhibition has been more lacking in works of superior mark than any of its predecessors. The fact is that Art is adopted as a resource, a way of making one's living, by an immense number of persons who would be far more profitably employed in less pretentious avocations. And as purchasers of paintings and statues are comparatively rare in this country, the productions of these people remain unsold, to the great disgust and inconvenience of their producers. The Government purchases a few of the best things exhibited, bestowing them, sometimes on the Gallery of the Luxembourg in this city, sometimes on the Galleries of the principal provincial towns. It also awards medals and "honorable mentions,"

which are eagerly welcomed by their fortunate recipients. But, on the whole, the artistic career is not a brilliant or a lucrative one in France. The journals seem to consider it a duty to come out with long articles of criticism on the works exhibited; but the public gets tired of reading these once a week, in the guise of a *feuilleton*, for months together; and a knot of clever young writers, who have just eluded their wits for the production of a very small pamphlet, that is to make its appearance every fortnight under the name of "The Quarterly of the Hour," have hit upon a tolerably novel way of dealing with this department of contemporary criticism.

Having divided the entire exhibition into fourteen parts, the critic of "The Quarterly of the Hour" has hit upon a tolerably novel way of dealing with this department of contemporary criticism.

Bellet du Poizat—Entry of the *Hannas* into the Council of Italy—Good drawing, full of movement and classic tone. But the painting not skillful enough to sustain the thought.

VILLAIN.—A darkened room, in which is a quantity of linen hung up to dry. A window opens upon a well; and another window opens upon a garden. A motherly-looking woman is drawing water from the well, beside which is another good woman washing clothes in a bucket. The two are gossipping to their hearts' content. A charming page, glowing with light; home-like, intimate, cordial, and amusing. Would delight the honest Flemings whose pictures have so often delighted us.

SAR—Going to School.—"Good morning, mamma!" "Be very good, darling!" "Oh, yes, mamma!" And the mother, her nursing in her arms, kisses the two little girls as they trip through the doorway.

BRUCHER—Columns of *Monsieur and Madame de Thibaut*.—Very impressive. Solemnity of ages past. Tolerably painted.

MARCHE SANS—The *Widow and the Minister*.—I confess to a weakness for fantastic pictures, and this one pleases me extremely by its eccentricity. A happy-go-lucky is marching across a deserted, stony, uneven, and difficult plain. A saffron-colored moon, rising between clouds, lights up this wild landscape with broken and flitting rays; a pack of wolves follow the musician, enticed onward by his diabolical strains.

Black steers are rising also, in every direction, at the sound of the bagpipes, and are piling themselves up in wild and threatening shapes against the stormy background of the sky. Hoffman must explode in mocking laughter and admiration at the sight of this nightmare visible; I feel a creeping in my backbone as I look at it, and involuntarily make the sign of the cross, Pagan though I be! What a story George Sand might give us from this picture, if she would!

GAULTIER.—"Little sisters! little sisters!" where are you going, in groups, some chatting, some praying, some silent, and some lost in reverie?

"We are going to church to pray to God for the poor."

"Then pray for me, little sisters."

"Little sisters! little sisters! where are you going so early in the morning, with the *Angelus* is yet ringing, along this dead gray wall, under these leafless trees, towards the little green door that I spy down there, all in your close black frocks, with the blue ribbon across your shoulder, and your little white caps?"

"We are going to church to pray to God for sinners!"

(Those who have seen the charming little picture referred to, of a charity-school on its way to church, will at once recognize the childish procession to which the critic addresses his strictly.)

THE BALLAD OF THE THREE GIUNTS.

FIRST GIUNT.—"I am trying to play you the Infernal Waltz of Faust, but I can hardly manage it; the painter, who has given me a mighty fine fiddle, has stuck his sky so close upon my shoulders! Oh, help, help, I am stifling!"

SECOND GIUNT (to First Giunt).—"Whom are you playing to, man? I exist in the pictures of Velasquez; if you played for me there, I might be able to hear you, but here it is only my shadow which speaks to you, and which seems to be asleep on the ground beside you."

THIRD GIUNT (turning to the other two).—"My back is covered with mud, and I don't feel at all well. Do you see no river where I could go and wash? But alas, there is neither water, nor land, nor grass, nor anything earthly! We ourselves have scarcely a faint breath of life in us!"

THE THREE GIUNTS (in chorus).—"M. Bellet du Poizat has simply been making game of us! A whim of his fancy called us into existence, and the unskillfulness of his brush has killed us! What a hard fate for three unoffending gipsies!"

your poor old sides against my back, and leave that spiteful old Dor to herself!"

THE AM.—"Leave of your bothering, do! Dear, sweet little door! open, now, there's a little darling! Why, how fresh and pretty you are to-day! Who has been painting you, that you are so handsome! Away, you, I took you for our master's valet!"

THE DOOR.—"Ah, now, that's something like talking! I never can resist a gentle appeal. Come in, Master!"

(Door opens. The Apple-tree sweeps away.)

QUANTUM.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ENGLAND DEMANDS A GENERAL DINNERMARKET PRIZE TO THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.—WHEAT ADVANCED.—COAL LOWER.—CORNISH 98.

FARMERS' POINT, below Quebec, Aug. 7.—The steamship *Nova Scotia*, from Liverpool on the 27th ult., has passed this point bound to Quebec.

England demands the general disarmament of the recent belligerent Powers, as a condition for taking part in the European Congress.

It is reported that Count Walewski has submitted a plan for the Confederation of Italy. It is to comprise seven States, and the Presidency is nominally given to the Pope, but in reality to the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, alternately.

The strong places to be garrisoned by the Federal troops are Genoa, Mantua, and Piacenza. The votes in the Federal diet, according to this proposition, are to be divided as follows: Parma one; Modena one; the Pope two; Tuscany two; Sardinia three, and Naples three.

GRAND BRITAIN.—In the House of Lords, Lord Lyndhurst defended himself from the charges of Mr. Bright, on account of the warlike voice he raised, and asked if the Admiralty were aware that the French were arming their fleets with rifled cannon.

The Duke of Somerset replied in the affirmative, and said that although England had improved cannon in process of manufacture, it was not ready for some time.

In the House of Commons, Sir De Laoy Evans moved for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the national defence, and report what improvements were possible. It is understood that the Government has assented to the substance of the resolution.

The Government, however, would not assent to the motion, but were willing to appoint a Committee to inquire what permanent fortifications were necessary for the defence of the dock-yards and arsenals. Sir De Laoy Evans' resolution was negatived.

THE FRENCH CONFERENCE.—Nothing of moment had transpired in regard to the conference at Zurich, nor is it known whether Sardinia would take a part in it.

A letter from Rome, however, says that the representatives of the three Powers were expected to meet at the end of July.

It was rumored in Paris on the 25th, that Napoleon would visit London.

The London Daily News believes that although the scheme of an Italian Confederation may not have been formally struck off the programme, it is not now insisted on by its author, and that little more will be heard of it.

The French fleet had sailed from "Lissoria," and it was reported that a portion of the French army had begun to leave Italy.

It is a Military Convention between France and Austria, relative to Italy, has been concluded, and that Lombardy is to take a fair share of the national debt.

LONDON, July 27.—M. D. Ambrose, a very enlightened man, has been named as the Sardinian Plenipotentiary to the conference at Zurich.

Austria, however, refuses to meet any Sardinian representative, but will leave it open to Sardinia to accede to the treaty after its conclusion by Austria and France.

The Duke of Tuscany has expressed his willingness to abdicate in favor of his son, who promises a constitution, but the Tuscans object altogether to the dynasty.

FRANCE.—The Duke of Malakoff has been appointed Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor.

It is reported that about 200,000 men will be discharged from the army on the renewable fullness, the advantage being that the government will have them still on hand, while their cost will be directed to other purposes.

The wine accounts are unfavorable, the grapes being injured by the excessive heat. Prices tended upward.

The *Monitor de la Flotte*, the Government organ, says that Denmark has ceded the Island of St. Thomas to the United States.

SARDINIA.—Le Nord says that one of the first acts of the Ministry will be to put an end to the present dictatorship, and an electoral bill applicable to Lombardy. A dissolution will then take place, in order to effect in the new Chambers a complete fusion of Piedmont and Lombardy. The King will preside, and the Parliament sit in alternate years, at Turin and Milan.

The Turin journals say that the army, reinforced by recent recruits in Lombardy, is to be raised to 200,000 men.

Gen. Garibaldi has had an interview with General Marimora, at Brescia, on the 15th ult. He stated that he had 12,000 men, and his force continued to increase. He expressed confidence in the King of Sardinia not forsaking the Italian cause.

A Milan letter in the London Times says, that General Garibaldi is about to move to the Apennines. There will be a gathering of 50,000 volunteers in the Romagna, and Garibaldi's corps added to that of Mezzanotte will form an army capable of securing the independence of Central Italy, at least, against any Roman or Neapolitan force.

It is rumored that the Duke of Modena proposed to arm 4,000 Austrian troops to enable him to enter his State. Also, that a division of the French army is to enter Parma and Tuscany, and another corps the Roman Legations, for the purpose of simply preserving order, and allowing the free expression of public opinion.

The Pontifical Government has issued a circular complaining bitterly of the action of Victor Emmanuel, and asking the assistance and protection of foreign Governments in vindication of its rights.

A great number of addresses are being signed in the Romagna against the return of the Clerical Government, and in favor of an union with Sardinia. It is stated that the principle of Italian confederation will be accepted by the Pope, a majority of the Cardinals having voted in his favor.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Tuesday, July 26.—The Cotton Market closed steady. In some cases an advance of 1d has been obtained over the last quotations.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Rice steady. Spirits of Turpentine heavy and slightly declined. LONDON MONEY MARKET, July 26.—The closing quotations of Tuesday for Corn were 94½ for flour, money, and 95½ for wheat.

LONDON MARKET, July 26.—Wheat generally closed with an advancing tendency, and prices are 3s higher.

LONDON MONEY MARKET, July 26.—The money market is generally unchanged. American securities are dull.

NEWS ITEMS.

A FARMHOUSE FIRE DROVE IN THUNDER.—The Newport correspondent of the Providence Evening Press, in a letter dated August 1, says: "On Saturday last there was an extraordinary storm, during which a fire broke out in a barn belonging to the beautiful and gifted Corn de Wilford, and had been compelled to apply for the intervention of the police to terminate the conflagration, to which he had been subjected by his husband—the so-called Count."

WORK has been resumed on the Washington National Monument, under a Society, chartered by Congress, of which Mr. Buchanan is President, and a box has been placed in every post-office for contributions.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN KANSAS.—In the constitution being formed for Kansas, women are allowed to vote in school matters. They may vote for school officers, school taxes, and everything pertaining to the organization of the Commonwealth, equally with men. Conferring this much of the elective franchise upon women is intended as an experiment. We believe the females are allowed to vote in school matters in Canada and Louisiana.

DEATH OF HOR. HORACE MANN.—Cincinnati, Aug. 2.—Horace Mann, President of Antioch College, and ex-Governor of Massachusetts, died at Yellow Springs, at half-past four o'clock this afternoon.

Mrs. HARRIS BREWER STOW, husband, and youngest daughter have sailed for Europe in the Africa—appropriate name that. Professor Stowe will return in October. Mrs. Stowe will spend a year in travelling. Her twin daughters are in Paris, and her wife, Frederick, sailed last Saturday in company with Mr. Scoville, of Andover; the two intending to make a pedestrian tour in Europe.

A LETTER, received by the Ocean Queen, dated London 19th, says that nothing had been heard there from Kossuth for several days, and it was feared that he had been treacherously dealt with.

A DUNAL PROPHET.—A letter writer says: "In Amsterdam I saw a queer looking fellow walking around dressed in black, with a cocked hat on his head, from which a long tassel hung down to his knees, and a short black cloak, with a collar of which another tassel of coarse hanging down to the ground. Upon inquiry, I discovered that he was a Dutch seaman."

A HUSBANDY WIFE IN ST. LOUIS recently carried off not only her husband's feather bed and other valuables, but his best coat, pants, vest, &c., leaving him with a destitute home and wardrobe.

REPUBLICAN OR BUREAUCRAT TO VICTORY.—A committee of French *seigneurs* were occupied recently in the investigation of the new discovery of Dr. Reyhold, whose declaration of having found means of mastering the powers of protection by means of electricity, met with such violent opposition from the Academie des sciences.

The result of the examination appears to have been most satisfactory. Dr. Reyhold's system of applying electricity to the human body enables him to force the grain down to sprout in three days. The expense is trifling, and the electric power so great that a powerful electric shock is felt by applying the hands to the earth which has been acted upon by Dr. Reyhold's machine.

A NEW ORLEANS paper gives an account of a new invention introduced to public notice there recently. It is to be placed on railroad cars so as to enable them to turn corners at right angles, or nearly so. The invention is very simple, and would astonish almost any one with its simplicity. The whole thing is done by the wheel, and not by any change in the axle or by any improved fifth wheel, as most persons would be likely to suppose.

HON. RICHARD RUSH, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, Minister to England and France, &c., died recently in this city, in his 79th year.

JUSTICE FACT.—A French coach has stated that there are precisely one hundred and thirty-one different kinds of wine which a gentleman may put upon his table without a blush.

THE SAN FRANCISCO Fourth of July orator, Mr. John W. Watson, wound up in the following "thrilling" style:

"My countrymen, time shall unhappily come when this mighty fabric shall yield to the partial attacks of civil discord, I pray God that its fate may be oblivion, not wreck or ruin; its former greatness or little the story of its fall. Let the Atlantic and the Pacific meet in a burning conflagration over its ruins, and their conflagrating waves sing its requiem."

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN has addressed a letter to the Hon. Wilson McCandless, of Pittsburgh, called forth by the article in the Post, of that city, about his re-election in which he expresses a final and conclusive determination not to become a candidate for the Presidency against Mr. Fremont.

Kossuth.—M. Kossuth has fled to Switzerland. He thus seems to have had no time in leaving Italy immediately on the news of the peace treaty, and so escaped a conference with Emperor or Kaiser. What has become of the Hungarian Committee assembled at Genoa does not appear, and the elaborate scheme of revivifying Hungary has of course disappeared with the cessation of war.

AUSTRIA AND LOMBARDY.—Since the Spanish war of succession—1791—Austria has lost and regained Lombardy no fewer than 12 times.—On the 11th of July, 1859, she lost it for the 13th time.

MARCO BOZZARI, a son of the celebrated Marco Bozzari, has been appointed Greek Minister of War.

Mrs. BRUCKMAN, of Huntington, Ms., the woman who, about seventeen months since, had four children at one birth, has recently been delivered of three more, all reported to be living.

He should look before they leap, when diving. A boy in Brooklyn, N. Y., named Brown, made a dive on Friday last, and buried his head so deep in the mud that he was unable to extricate himself, and consequently died from asphyxiation.

A PAIR of handsome black horses, lately purchased by Mr. Sanderson, of Sonnetville, New Jersey, of Blackhawk and Trustee blood, have been sold to the Emperor of the French for four thousand dollars. They sailed for France last week.

DENVER WORKS.—New York, August 6.—A private letter received by a well-known literary gentleman, a citizen of Denver (per Portland), states that the novelist, will visit this city in the early part of November, on a professional tour. He will deliver a course of lectures throughout the country. (Where are the young men with their "hearts in their hands!"

WE have had some days in our possession, says the Evening Post, a one-dollar bill on the City Bank of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, which bears on its back a burden as follows:

This one-dollar bill is all that I received for performing the marriage ceremony between John Gibbs and Mary Wallace of the town of Salem, Kenosha county, Wisconsin, after having travelled five miles in the cold, and paid 25 cents for livery.

It has been inferred that Dryden wasn't opposed to sherry cobbiers, from a remark he once made—"Straws may be made the instruments of happiness."

THE ELECTIONS.

TEXAS.—New Orleans, Aug. 6.—From the returns received here of the Texas election, it is thought that Gen. Houston is elected Governor, by from 3,000 to 5,000 majority.

MISSOURI.—St. Louis, Aug. 7.—The Democratic candidate for Governor, Isham G. Harris, will have a majority of about 6,000. The Legislature will also be Democratic. The Congressional Delegation, it is thought, will stand six Opponents to six Democrats.

KENTUCKY.—Lexington, Tenn., is believed to be elected Governor by from 9,000 to 10,000 majority. The present Governor is Woodford. The American people appear to have gained one member of Congress. Thomas H. Clay, a brother of the Congressional Union, of Henry Clay, is elected to the Senate from Fayette county, on the opposition ticket.

ALABAMA.—The Democrats have carried everything. Whole Congressional Delegation Democratic, as it was last year.

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BY J. G. HOLLAND.

I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

Of all the fair valleys of Provence, the valley of the Durance is the fairest; its thirteenth

It was this, amidst scenes of poverty and disease, that Adam de Craponne passed his early years. He was born in the year 1821, at the village of Salon, in Lower Provence, the descendant of a family formerly distinguished by its noble and illustrious men, and still holding a respectable position among the provincial gentry. The times had already passed away when a gentleman would have blushed to acknowledge any intimacy with the *dirty pursuits* of trading or writing; public arts were no longer terminated by the invariable formula, "et ledit seigneur a declare ne savoir signer, attendu sa qualite de gentilhomme;" still a remnant of this long-existing prejudice interdicted to the French nobility any proficiency in the arts and sciences, and Adam de Craponne shewed a spirit in advance of his time, when, even in childhood, he devoted himself with serious attention to the lessons of his masters. As his intellect developed, he felt it completely impossible to submit to this absurd law of opinion; having been born with a genius for mathematics, he had learned, before the age of fifteen, all that his provincial masters could teach him; and from that time pursued his problems unassisted, giving them a practical tendency by applying his acquirements to the science of hydraulic architecture, and soon gaining the reputation of being the best engineer of his day.

Adams de Crapeau was so generally beloved at this enterprise, visionary as it may have seemed, because possible for him. He assembled the heads of families whom he had so often rescued, imparted to them his cherished project, and claimed their assistance. They listened with profound respect and gratitude; hardly had he concluded, when hundreds of voices were raised in acclamation and thankful assistance of his efforts; hundreds of stout arms proffered for his service; and encouraging his army of laborers by his immediate example, he forthwith seized a spade, and turning the first sod, entered on the realization of a life-long dream.

would that he could thus take our leave of Adam de Crapeneau; with the great wish of his heart fulfilled, enjoying the respect and gratitude he had so nobly won, and living on to an increased old age, his days gliding peacefully on like the waters he had won from their turbid bed, amidst scenes of beauty and abundance; but this is not the world's way; greatest benefactors have been fain to feel at here is not their rest, and that their happiness springs more from within than without. He who spoke of Adam's modest home at this season; this house, his last remaining possession, bears a different aspect now. One by one, each heirloom, each cherished memorial, each article of value, had been removed and sold, to meet some pressing exigency in his work. At last, the house itself was mortgaged for half its value, and now even a shelter within its walls is dependent on his ability to pay punctually, or the forbearance of his creditor. With all his calculating powers, it was not in Adam's power to estimate exactly the immense expenditure, or the sacrifices requisite to obtain release. He had continued the work in faith all these his mind flamed on the work, without

Thus the engineers, having once entertained the idea of vengeance, considered this their best means; and visiting Craponne on pretence of ascertaining the Governor's decision, they contrived an interview with his servant, and gained her over to their designs. The wretched woman, fascinated by the glittering life they had spread before her eyes, consented to mix the poison in her master's drink, and, after a few hours of intense suffering, the beloved benefactor of Provence breathed his last in the fiftieth year of his age; his last words were of forgiveness of his murderers. As may be supposed, he died unmarried; the country has since existed only in the grateful memory of his country. King Henry III. took the Canal de Craponne under his special patronage, and decreed that none of the lands irrigated by its waters should be taxed more heavily than heretofore. Thus, for more than three centuries, a new life has been given to that locality. Thanks to "the poor man's friend," though by the sacrifice of all he possessed, magnificent harvests now wave on that formerly covered with weeds and briars;

They can't see that the crowd which is now
aring them triumphantly on its shoulders
ll soon discover its error and cast them into
e host pond of Oblivyon without the slightest

The Springfield Republican says that there was once a man in that town who was so polite as to say, as he passed a hen in her nest

—“Don’t rise, ma’am.”

AGATHA AT THE GATE.

Reaching up at the door
That came in the summer air,
Source of a glance at me
Letting, hither, thither,
Loving her—how could I help it?
She's worthy a kindly mate—
Fairer than any blossom there,
Was Agatha at the gate.

She plucked a bud and I envied it;
Did it not touch her hand?
I would rather have one smile from her,
Than a Baron's rank and land;
But when I begged and prayed for a flower,
She said I was a fool:
"Give you my roses? No, not I,
To waste in your herbarium."

With a laugh like the tinkling of silver bells,
She led down the garden path,
And by-and-by the sun went down
Glowing in summer wrath;
But there I stood where she left me,
Until the night grew late,
Thinking and dreaming only
Of Agatha at the gate.

Tripping back in the moonlight,
Humming a merry song,
Wondering where she had left her gloves,
Agatha danced along.
But, ah! she could not find them,
(I suppose it must be confessed),
The trim little gloves were hidden
Safe and close to my breast.

Startled she was when I stepped out
From under the shade of the trees;
And she pouted her cherry lips at me—
Beautiful, naughty tease.
But I caught her little white hands in mine;
"Agatha, you are my fate;
I love you, the sweetest maiden that ever
Stood at a garden gate."

The little white hands struggled hard to
escape,
But I held them fast in mine;
"Not till you answer my question,
Either by word or sign.
Once more—I love you, love you!
Love, I seek your heart;
By word or sign now tell me,
Shall I stay—or depart?"

The little white hands were passive and still;
I held them at my grace;
A tear-drop glittered on her cheek
As she raised that sweetest face;
She blushed her love, and nestled close
As a dove beside her mate;
And I lifted her rosy mouth and kissed
My Agatha at the gate.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XV.

KNITTING.

There had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning, sorrow faces peeping through his barred windows had described other faces within, bending over measures of wine. Monsieur Defarge sold a very thin wine at the best of times, but, it would seem to have been an unusually thin wine that he sold at this time. A sour wine, moreover, or a souring, for its influence on the mood of those who drank it was to make them gloomy. No vivacious Bacchanalian flame leaped out of the pressed grape of Monsieur Defarge; but, a smouldering fire that burnt in the dark, lay hidden in the dregs of it.

This had been the third morning in succession, on which there had been early drinking at the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. It had begun on Monday, and here was Wednesday come. There had been more of early brooding than drinking; for, many men had listened and whispered and slunk about there from the time of the opening of the door, who could not have laid a piece of money on the counter to save their souls. These were to the full as interested in the place, however, as if they could have commanded whole barrels of wine; and they glided from seat to seat, and from corner to corner, swallowing talk in lieu of drink, with greedy looks.

Notwithstanding an unusual flow of company, the master of the wine-shop was not visible. He was not missed; for, nobody who crossed the threshold looked for him, nobody asked for him, nobody wondered to see only Madame Defarge in her seat, presiding over the distribution of wine, with a bowl of battered small coins before her, as much defaced and beaten out of their original impress as the small coins they had come.

A suspended interest and a prevalent absence of mind, were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine-shop, as they looked in at every place, high and low, from the king's palace to the criminal's goal. Games at cards languished, players at dominoes musingly built towers with them, drinkers drew figures on the tables with split drops of wine, Madame Defarge herself picked out the pattern on her sleeve with her toothpick, and saw and heard something inaudible and invisible a long way off.

Thus, Saint Antoine, in this vicious feature of his, until mid-day. It was high noon, when two dusty men passed through his streets and under his swinging lamps; of whom, one was Monsieur Defarge; the other, a member of roads in a blue cap. All dust and thirst, the two entered the wine-shop. Their arrival had lighted a kind of fire in the breast of Saint Antoine, fast spreading as they came along, which stirred and flickered in flames of fear at most doors and windows. Yet, no one had followed them, and no man spoke when they entered the wine-shop, though the eyes of every man there were turned upon them.

"Good day, gentlemen!" said Monsieur Defarge. It may have been a signal for loosening the general tongue. It elicited an answering chorus of "Good day!"

"It is bad weather, gentlemen," said Defarge, shaking his head.

Upon which, every man looked at his neighbor, and then all cast down their eyes and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

"My wife," said Defarge, aloud, addressing Madame Defarge; "I have travelled certain leagues with this good member of roads, called Jacques. I met him—by accident—a day and a half's journey out of Paris. He is a good child, this member of roads, called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!"

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the member of roads called Jacques, who doffed his blue cap to the company, and drank. In the breast of his blouse, he carried some coarse dark bread; he ate of this between whiles, and sat munching and drinking near Madame Defarge's counter. A third man got up and went out.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine—but, he took less than was given to the stranger, as being himself a man to whom it was no rarity—and stood waiting until the countryman had made his breakfast. He looked at no one present, and no one new looked at him; not even Madame Defarge, who had taken up her knitting, and was at work.

"Have you finished your repast, friend?" he asked, in due season.

"Yes, thank you."
"Come, then! You shall see the apartment that I told you you could occupy. It will suit you to a marvel."

Out of the wine-shop into the street, out of the street into a court-yard, out of the court-yard up a steep staircase, out of the staircase into a garret—formerly the garret where a white-haired man sat on a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes. No white-haired man was there now; but, the three men were there who had come out of the wine-shop singly. And between them and the white-haired man after, was the one small link, that they had once looked in at him through the chinks in the wall.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a subdued voice:

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak Jacques Five!"

The member of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his swarthy forehead with it, and said,

"Where shall I commence, monsieur?"

"Commence," was Monsieur Defarge's not unreasoning reply, "at the commencement."

"I saw him, then, monsieur," began the member of roads, "a year ago this morning summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain—like this."

Again, the member of roads went through the old performance; in which he ought to have been perfect by that time, seeing that it had been the infallible resource and indispensable entertainment of his village during a whole year.

Jacques One struck in, and asked if he had ever seen the man before?

"Never," answered the member of roads, recovering his perpendicular.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterwards recognised him then?

"By his tall figure," said the member of roads, softly, and with his finger at his nose.

"When Monsieur the Marquis, demands that evening, 'Say, what is he like?' I make response, 'Tall as a spectre.'"

"You should have said, short as a dwarf," returned Jacques Two.

"But what did I know! The deed was not then accomplished, neither did he confide in me. Observe! Under those circumstances even, I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur the Marquis, indicates me with his finger, standing near our little fountain, and says, 'To me! Bring that rascal!' My faith, monsieur, I offer nothing."

"He is right there, Jacques," murmured Defarge, to him who had interrupted. "Go on!"

"Good!" said the member of roads, with an air of mystery. "The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter, the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden, but at last he is unaccountably found. Go on!"

"I am again at work upon the hill-side, and the sun is again about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below, where it is already dark, when I raise my eyes, and see coming over the hill, six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound—tied to his sides, like this!"

With the aid of his indispensable cap, he represented a man with his elbows bound fast to his hips, with cords that were knotted behind him.

"I stand aside, monsieur, by my heap of stones, to see the soldiers and their prisoner pass (for it is a solitary road, that, where any spectacle is well worth looking at), and at first, as they approach, I see no more than that they are six soldiers with a tall man bound, and that they are almost black, to my sight—except on the side of the sun going to bed, where they have a red edge, monsieur. Also, I see that their long shadows are on the hollow ridge on the opposite side of the road, and are on the hill above it, and are like the shadows of giants. Also, I see that they are covered with dust, and that the dust moves with them as they come, tramp, tramp! But when they advance quite near to me, I recognise the tall man, and he recognises me. Ah, but he would be well content to precipitate himself over the hill-side once again, as on the evening when he and I first encountered, close to the same spot!"

He described it as if he were there, and it was evident that he saw it vividly; perhaps he had not seen much in his life.

"I do not show the soldiers that I recognise the tall man; he does not show the soldiers that he recognises me; we do it, and we know it, with our eyes. 'Come on,' says the chief of that company, pointing to the village, 'bring him fast to his tomb!' and they bring him faster. I follow. His arms are swollen because of being bound so tight, his wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame. Because he is lame, and consequently slow, they drive him with their guns—like this!"

He imitated the action of a man's being impelled forward by the butt-ends of muskets.

"As they descend the hill like madmen running a race, he falls. They laugh and pick him up again. His face is bleeding and covered with dust, but he cannot touch it; thereupon, they laugh again. They bring him into the village; all the village runs to look; they take him past the mill, and up to the prison; all the village sees the prisoner go open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him—like this!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth. Observant of his unwillingness to mar the effect by opening it again, Defarge said, "Go on, Jacques."

"All the village," pursued the member of roads, on tiptoe, and in a low voice, "with-draws; all the village whispers by the fountain; all the village sleeps; all the village dreams of that unhappy one, within the locks and bars of the prison on the crag, and never to come out of it, except to perish. In the morning, with my tools upon my shoulder, eating my morsel of black bread as I go, I make a circuit by the prison, on my way to my work. There, I see him, high up, behind the bars of a lofty iron cage, bloody and dusty as last night, looking through. He has no hand free, to wave to me; I dare not call to him; he regards me like a dead man."

Defarge and the three gazed darkly at one another. The looks of all of them were dark, repressed, and revengeful, as they listened to the countryman's story; the manner of all of them, while it was secret, was authoritative, too. They had the air of a rough tribunal; Jacques One and Two sitting on the old pallet-bed, each with his chin resting on his hand, and his eyes intent on the road member; Jacques Three, equally intent, on one knee behind them, with his agitated hand always gliding over the net-work of fine nerves about his mouth and nose; Defarge standing between them and the narrator whom he had stationed in the light of the window, by turns looking from him to them, and from them to him.

"Go on, Jacques," said Defarge.

"He remains up there in his iron cage, some days. The village looks at him by stealth, for it is afraid. But it always looks up, from a distance, at the prison on the crag; and in the evening, when the work of the day is achieved, and it assembles to gossip at the fountain, all faces are turned towards the prison. Formerly they were turned towards the posting-house; now they are turned towards the prison. They whisper at the fountain, that although condemned to death, he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was enraged and made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition had been presented to the King himself.—What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

"Listen, then, Jacques," Number One of that name sternly interposed. "Know that a petition was presented to the King and Queen. All here, yourself excepted, saw the King take it, in his carriage in the street, sitting beside the Queen. It is Defarge whom you see here, who, at the hazard of his life, darted out before the horses, with the petition in his hand."

"And once again listen, Jacques!" said the kneeling Number Three; his fingers ever wandering over and over those fine nerves, with a strikingly greedy air, as if he hungered for something—that was neither food nor drink; "the guard, horse and foot, surrounded the petitioner, and struck him blows. You hear?"

"I hear, monsieur."

"Go on, then," said Defarge.

"Again; on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain," resumed the countryman, "that he is brought down into our country, to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that Monsieur the Marquis, and because Monsieur the Marquis was the father of his tenants—serfs—what you will—he will be executed as a pariah. One old man says at the fountain, that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burnt off before his face; that, into wounds which will be made in his arms, his breast, and his legs, there will be poured boiling oil, melted lead, hot resin, wax, and sulphur; finally, that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the last King, Louis Fifteen. But how do I know if he lies? I am not a scholar."

"Listen once again, then, Jacques!" said the man with the restless hand and the ravaging air. "The name of that prisoner was Damien, and it was all done in open day, in the open streets of this city of Paris; and nothing was more noticed in the vast concourse that saw it done, than the crowd of ladies of quality and fashion, who were full of eager attention to the last—to the last, Jacques, prolonged until nightfall, when he had lost two legs and an arm, and still breathed! And it was done—why, how old are you?"

"Thirty-five," said the member of roads, who looked sixty.

"It was done when you were more than ten years old; you might have seen it."

"Enough!" said Defarge, with grim impatience. "Long live the Devil! Go on."

"Well! Some whisper this, some whisper that; they speak of nothing else, even the fountain appears to fall to that tone. At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, some soldiers, winding down from the prison, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing; in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water."

The member of roads looked through rather than at the low ceiling, and pointed as if he saw the gallows somewhere in the sky.

"All work is stopped, all assemble there, nobody leads the cows out, the cows are there with the rest. At mid-day, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the

night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag—tied so, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed."

He suggested it, by creating his face with his two thumbs, from the corners of his mouth to his ears.

"On the top of the gallows he fixed the knife, blade upwards, with its point in the air. He is hanged there forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water."

They looked at one another, as he used his blue cap to wipe his face, on which the perspiration had started afresh while he recalled the spectacle.

"It is frightful, monsieur. How can the women and the children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening, under that shadow! Under it, have I said? When I left the village, Monday evening as the sun was going to bed, and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison—seemed to strike across the earth, monsieur, to where the sky rests upon it!"

The hungry man gnawed one of his fingers as he looked at the other three, and his finger quivered with the craving that was on him.

"That's all, monsieur. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do), and I walked on, that night and half next day, until I met (as I was warned I should) this comrade. With him, I came on, now sitting, and now walking, through the rest of yesterday and through last night. And here you see me!"

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said—

"Good! You have acted and recounted, faithfully. Will you wait for us a little, outside the door?"

"Very willingly," said the member of roads. Whom Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs, and, leaving seated there, returned.

The three had risen, and their heads were together when he came back to the garret.

"How say you, Jacques?" demanded Number One. "To be registered?"

"To be registered, as doomed to destruction," returned Defarge.

"Magnificent!" croaked the man with the craving.

"The chateau, and all the race?" inquired the first.

"The chateau and all the race," returned Defarge. "Extirpation."

The hungry man repeated, in a rapturous croak, "Magnificent!" and began gnawing another finger.

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register. Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "if Madame, my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted, in her own stitches, and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives, to erase himself from existence, than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge."

There was a murmur of confidence and approval, and then the man who hungered, asked, "Is this rustic to be sent back soon? I hope so. He is very simple; is he not a little dangerous?"

"He knows nothing," said Defarge; "at least nothing more than would easily elevate himself to a gallows of the same height. I charge myself with him; let him remain with me; I will take care of him, and set him on his road. He wishes to see the fine world—the King, the Queen, and Court; let him see them on Sunday."

"What!" exclaimed the hungry man, staring. "Is it a good sign that he wishes to see Royalty and Nobility?"

"Jacques," said Defarge, "judiciously show a cat milk, if you wish her to thirst for it. Judiciously show a dog his natural prey, if you wish him to bring it down one day."

Nothing more was said, and the member of roads, being found already dozing on the topmost stair, was advised to lay himself down on the pallet-bed and take some rest. He needed no persuasion, and was soon asleep.

Worse quarters than Defarge's wine-shop could easily have been found in Paris for a provincial slave of that degree. Saving for a mysterious dread of Madame, by which he was constantly haunted, his life was very new and agreeable. But, Madame sat all day at her counter, so expressly unconscious of him, and so particularly determined not to perceive that his being there had any connection with anything below the surface, that he shook in his wooden shoes whenever his eye lighted on her. For, he contended with himself that it was impossible to foresee what that lady might pretend next; and he felt assured that if she should take it into her brightly ornamented head to pretend that she had seen him do a murder and afterwards slay the victim, she would infallibly go through with it, until the play was played out.

Therefore, when Sunday came, the member of roads was not enchanted (though he said he was) to find that Madame was to accompany Monsieur and himself to Versailles. It was additionally disconcerting to have Madame knitting all the way there, in a public conveyance; it was additionally disconcerting yet, to have Madame in the crowd in the afternoon, still with her knitting in her hands as the crowd waited to see the carriage of the King and Queen.

"You work hard, Madame," said a man near her.

"Yes," answered Madame Defarge; "I have a good deal to do."

"What do you make, Madame?"

"Many things."

"For instance?"

"For instance," returned Madame Defarge, composedly, "shroud."

The man moved a little further away, as soon as he could, and the member of roads fanned himself with his blue cap, feeling it mightily close and oppressive. If he needed a King and Queen to restore him, he was fortunate in having his remedy at hand; for, soon the large-

hood King and the fair-haired Queen came in their golden coach, attended by the shining Bull's Eye of their Court, a glittering multitude of laughing ladies and fine lords; and in jewels and silks and powder and splendor and elegantly spurning figures and handsomely disheveled faces of both sexes, the member of roads bathed himself, so much to his temporary intoxication, that he cried, Long live the King! Long live the Queen! Long live everybody and everything! as if he had never heard of ubiquitous Jacques in his time. Then, there were gardens, courtyards, terraces, fountains, green banks, more King and Queen, more Bull's Eye, more lords and ladies, more Long live they all! until he absolutely wept with sentiment. During the whole of this scene, which lasted some three hours, he had plenty of shouting and weeping and sentimental company, and throughout Defarge held him by the collar, as if to restrain him from flying at the objects of his brief devotion and tearing them to pieces.

"Bravo!" said Defarge, clapping him on the back, when it was over, like a patron; "you are a good boy!"

The member of roads was now coming to himself, and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations; but no. "You are the fellow we want," said Defarge, in his ear; "you make these fools believe that it will last forever. Then, they are the more insolent, and it is the nearer ended."

"Hey!" cried the member of roads, reflectively; "that's true."

"These fools know nothing. While they despise your breath, and would stop it forever and ever, in you or in a hundred like you, rather than in one of their own horses or dogs, they only know what your breath tells them. Let it deceive them, then, a little longer; it cannot deceive them too much."

Madame Defarge looked superciliously at the client, and nodded in confirmation.

"As to you," said she, "you would shout and shed tears for anything, if it made a show and a noise. Hay! Would you not?"

"Truly, Madame, I think so. For the moment."

"If you were shown a great heap of dolls, and were set upon them to pluck them to pieces and despoil them for your own advantage, you would pick out the richest and gayest. Hay! Would you not?"

"Truly, yes, Madame."

"Yes. And if you were shown a flock of birds unable to fly, and were set upon them to strip them of their feathers for your own advantage, you would set upon the birds of the finest feathers; would you not?"

"It is true, Madame."

"You have seen both dolls and birds today," said Madame Defarge, with a wave of her hand towards the place where they had last been apparent; "now, go home!"

TE DEUM!

'Tis noonday. On Italian plains
I look to see the ripening corn
Shoot upward all its spears, the vine
Adorn the hill sides wreaths and twine.

And peasants bred and born
Among the plains, among the hills,
The valleys, with their singing rills,
I turn expectant eyes to see,
Crying aloud, on bended knee,
"Thanks to the living God!"

What meets my eye? Fair corn fields red,
But not with flush of summer sun,
Nor blades of poppies—Men lie dead
By hundreds—thousands—every one
Ghastly and grey, and the red
Ends up a reek of human blood
Redder than grape-blood; moans and cries
Of men in hopeless agonies
Rise up to Heaven, but who cries there
"Thanks to the living God!"

I see a city wide and fair,
Through the broad streets a pageant goes,
And men shout loud, and women smile,
And up the chills and solemn aisle
Of a cathedral onward flows
A proud procession—Priests in white,
Whose trade is prayer and peace, and then
A fair-haired woman, whose dark eyes
Seem full of saddened memories,
Assumes the imperial chair.

They kneel, and through the fluttering air
Melodious thunder swells and rolls,
And from that mass of human souls
Bursts forth—because those men afar
Were slaughtered in a bloody war—
"Thanks to the living God!"

Dear Norma.—An old admiral in his early days went to sea as a midshipman, with poor Captain Hawser, of the Vesuvius.

Hawser was a tremendous fellow for grog, worse even than Old Charley, and that is saying a good deal. Well, when they arrived in the West Indies this indulgence soon brought on a fever, and Hawser nearly lost his life; or (as they say at sea) "the number of his mess."

The doctor totally inhibited the use of rum or brandy, but told him that when he found himself in a cold climate he might take them moderately, and the farther north he went, the more freely he might indulge. Shortly after they returned to England, the Vesuvius was ordered to the Baltic; and as soon as they sailed for their destination Hawser resumed the grog, so long discontinued.

He daily asked to have it increased in strength, as they proceeded on their way, and when they reached the Baltic it was considerably more than half an ounce.

The further he sailed, the stronger it became, until, at last, there was scarcely any water in the composition. The inevitable order was given to the steward, "further north, which meant 'mix it stiffer still.'"

One day he sternly commanded him to make it "farther north."

"I can't, sir," he replied, "you have been due north for three days. It is no longer grog; it is clear rum!"

The force of nature could no farther go!

Curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still clings to the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking.—*Fuller.*

He who strikes terror into others, is himself in continual fear.—*Canadian.*

PHYSIOGNOMY OF GOOD LIVERS.

Gourmands by pre-destination are generally of the middle height; they have round or square faces (squares), sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips and round chins. The women are dimpled, pretty rather than handsome, with an inclination to embonpoint. Those who are especially addicted to good eating have fine features, a more refined appearance; they are more supple, and are distinguished by a peculiar manner of their own in smiling. Under this category the most amiable dinner-companions are to be found; they partake of every dish handed to them, eat slowly, and taste with selection. They are in no hurry to leave the spot where they have been well entertained, and you have them for the rest of the evening, because they are aware what games and amusements are to follow the ordinary promiscuity of a gastronomic meeting. These on the contrary, to whom nature has denied an appetite for the enjoyments of taste, have long faces, long noses, and long eyes; no matter what their stature, there is something longitudinal about them. They have sleek black hair, and are thin and lanky; it is they who invent new soups. Women, whom nature has similarly afflicted, are angular, yaw at dinner, and live upon wheat and maida. The inclination of the fair sex for good-living is a natural instinct, because it is favorable to their good looks. A series of observations has convinced me that ladies who live well remain younger much longer than others. It gives more brilliancy to the eye, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and, as physiology has proved that the depression of the muscles causes wrinkles, these dreaded enemies of beauty; it is also true, taking all on an equal footing, that the ladies who know how to eat are, comparatively, ten years younger than those who are ignorant on the subject.—*Brilliant-Successful Art of Dining.*

Mohammed.—Mohammed is said to have been of middle stature; to have had a large head, strong beard, round face, and reddish-brown cheeks. His biographers state that his forehead was high, his mouth wide, his nose long and somewhat of an aquiline shape; that he had large black eyes; that a vein which extended from his forehead to his eyebrows enlarged when excited by anger; that his splendid white teeth stood far apart; and upon his lower lip was a small mole. His hair hanging over his shoulders retained its dark color to the day of his death; he sometimes dyed it brown, but more frequently applied to it odoriferous oils. It was only at his last pilgrimage that he had his head shaved. He trimmed his moustache and his finger-nails every Friday before prayer. His neck, it is said, "rose like a silver bar upon his broad chest." Between his shoulders he had a large mole, which was looked upon as the prophetic seal. A physician once wishing to remove it, Mohammed objected, saying, "He who made it shall also heal it." His hands and feet were very large, yet his step was so light as "to leave no mark on the sand." Mohammed spoke but little, yet occasionally permitted himself a joke. A woman once came to him, saying, "My husband is ill and begs thee to visit him;" upon which he inquired, "Has not thy husband something white in his eye?" She returned in order to examine it. On her husband asking what she was doing, she replied, "I must see whether you have anything white in your eye, for the Apostle of God asked the question." Her husband at once recognizing the joke, convinced her that this was common to all eyes. On one occasion, when an old woman conjured him to pray for her that she might enter paradise, he replied: "No old woman dares enter paradise!" As she began to weep, he reminded her of the verse in the Koran which declares that perpetual youth will be restored to women. The Arab prophet was compassionate towards animals, and would wipe down his horse when he prepared with his sword, but this was nothing extraordinary among his countrymen. He sat was lifted up to share his own dish; and a white cock which he had his called his friend, considering him a

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME, LOVE MY LAMB,"
"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon. Gerard was in the shop. His eldest and youngest sons were abroad. Catherine and her little crippled daughter had long been anxious about Gerard, and now they were gone a little way down the road, to see if by good luck he might be visible in the distance; and Oliver was alone in the sitting room, which will sketch, furniture and dear included.

The Hollanders were always an original and leading people. At different epochs they invented printing (wooden type), oil-painting, liberty, banking, gardening, &c.; above all, years, before my tale, they invented cleanliness. So, while the English gentry, in velvet jackets and chicken-toed shoes, trod floors of stale rushes, foul receptacles of bones, decomposing mussels, spittle, dogs' eggs, and all abominations, this honest sitting-room at Tergoon was scoured with Dutch tiles, so highly glazed and constantly washed, that you could cut off them. There was one large window; the cross stone-work in the centre of it was very massive, and stood in relief, looking like an actual cross to the inmates, and was eyed as such in their devotions. The panes were very small and lozenge-shaped, and soldered to one another with strips of lead; the like you may see to this day in some of our rural cottages. The chairs were rude and primitive, all but the arm chair, whose back, at right angles with its seat, was so high that the sitter's head stopped two feet short of the top. This chair was of oak, and carved at the summit. There was a copper ball, that went in at the waist, holding holy water; and a little hand-bell to sprinkle it far and wide; and a long, narrow, but massive oak table, with a dwarf sticking to the rim by his teeth, his eyes glaring, and his claws in the air like a pouncing vampire. Nature, it would seem, did not make tiles a dwarf out of malice; she constructed a head and torso with her usual care, but just then her attention was distracted, and she left the rest to chance; the result was a human wedge, an inverted cone. He might with justice have taken her to task in the terms of Horace.

Amphora capiti hostit, currente rota carceris exit.

His centre was anything but his centre of gravity. Blessed, upper Gilles would have outweighed three lower Gilles's. But this very disproportion enabled him to do feats that would have baffled Milo. His brawny arms had no weight to draw after him; so he could go up a vertical pole like a squirrel, and hang for hours from a bough by one hand like a cherry by its stalk. If he could have made a vacuum with his hands, as the lizard is said to do with its feet, he would have gone along a ceiling. Now, this pocket athlete was incessantly fond of gripping the dinner-table with both hands, and so swinging an hour at a time; and then—climax of delight—he would seize it with his teeth, and, taking off his hands, hold on like grim death by his huge forefingers.

But all our joys, however elevating, suffer interruption. Little Kate caught Sampson in this posture, and stood aghast. She was her mother's daughter, and her heart beat with the furniture, not with the limbo gymnast.

"Oh, Gilles! how can you? Mother would be vexed. It deutes the table."

"Do and tell her, little tale bearer," snarled Gilles. "You are the one for making mischief."

"Am I?" inquired Kate, calmly; "that is news to me."

"The biggest in Tergoon," growled Gilles, frowning again.

At this Kate sat quietly down and cried. Her mother came in almost at that moment, and Gilles hurried himself under the table, and there glared.

"What is to do now?" said the dame, sharply. Then turning her experienced eyes on Gilles, and observing the position he had taken up, and a sheepish expression, she hinted at cuffs of ears.

"Nay, mother," said the girl; "it was but a foolish word Gilles spoke. I had not noticed it at another time; but I was tired and in care for Gerard, you know."

"Let no one be in care for me," said a faint voice at the door, and in trotted Gerard, pale, dusty, and worn out; and, amidst uplifted hands and cries of delight, curiosity and anxiety mingled, dropped almost fainting into the nearest chair.

Reeking Rotterdam, like a covert, for Margaret, and the long journey afterwards, had fairly knocked Gerard up. But elastic youth soon revived, and behold him the centre of an eager circle. First of all they must hear about the prizes. Then Gerard told them he had been admitted to see the competitors' works all laid out in an enormous hall—before the judges pronounced.

"Oh, mother! oh, Kate! when I saw the goldsmiths' work, I had like to have fallen on the floor. I thought not all the goldsmiths on earth had so much gold, silver, jewels, and craft of design and facture. But, in sooth, all the arts are divine."

Then, to please the females, he described to them the reliquaries, ferretories, calices, crosses, crosses, pyxes, monstrances, and other wonders ecclesiastical, and the goblets, hanaps, watches, clocks, chains, brooches, &c., so that their mouths watered.

"But, Kate, when I came to the illuminated work from Ghent and Bruges, my heart sank. Mine was dirt by the side of it. For the first minute I could almost have cried; but I prayed for a better spirit, and presently I was able to enjoy them, and thank God for those lovely works, and for those skillful, patient craftsmen, that I own my masters. Well, the colored work was so beautiful I forgot all about the black and white. But, next day, when all the other prizes had been given, they came to the writing, and when some think you were called last!"

"Yes," said Kate.

The others laughed her to scorn.

"You may laugh," said Gerard, "but for all that Gerard Gersdemon, of Tergoon, was the name the herald shouted. I stood stupid; they thrust me forward. Everything came before my eyes. I don't know how I found myself kneeling on a cushion at the feet of the Duke. He said something to me, but I was so flattered I could not answer him. So then he put his hand to his side and did not draw a glove and out of my dull head, but gave me a gold medal, and there it is." There was a yell and almost a scramble. "And then he gave me fifteen great bright golden angels. I had seen one before, but I never handled one. Here they are."

"Oh, Gerard! oh, Gerard!"

"There is one for you, your oldest; and one for you, Sybrandt, and for you, Little Michael; and two for you, Little Lily, because God has afflicted you; and one for myself to buy colors and vellum; and nine for her that nursed at all, and risked the two crowns upon poor Gerard's head."

The gold drew out their several characters. Cornelia and Sybrandt clutched each his coin with one glare of greediness and another glare of envy at Kate, who had got two pieces. Gilles seized his and rolled it along the floor and gambolled after it. But Kate put down her crutches and sat down, and held out her little arms to Gerard with a heavenly gesture of love and tenderness, and the mother, fairly benumbed at first by the shower of gold that fell on her apron, now cried out,

"Leave kissing him, Kate, he is my son, not yours. Ah, Gerard, my child! I have not loved you as you deserved."

Then Gerard threw himself on his knees beside her, and she flung her arms round him and wept for joy and pride, upon his neck.

"Good lad! good lad!" cried the hostess, with some emotion, "I must go and tell the neighbors. Lend me the medal, Gerard, I'll show it my good friend, Peter Buijskens; he is always regaling me with how his son Jordan won the tin mug a shooting at the Butte."

"Ay, do, my man; and show Peter Buijskens one of the angels. Tell him there are fourteen more, where that came from. Mind you bring it me back!"

"Stay a minute, father, there is better news behind," said Gerard, flushing with joy at the joy he caused.

"Better! Better than this?"

Then Gerard told his interview with the Countess, and the house rang with joy.

"Now, God bless the good lady, and bless the Dame Van Eyck! a benefactor, our son! My cares are at an end. Gerard, my good friend! at last, now we two can be happy whenever our time comes. This dear boy will take our place, and none of these loved ones will want a home or a friend."

From that hour Gerard was looked upon as the stay of the family. He was a son apart, but in another sense. He was always in the right, and nothing too good for him. Cornelia and Sybrandt became more and more jealous of him, and longed for the day he should go to his benefice; they would get rid of the favorite, and his reverence's purse would be open to them. With these views he co-operated. The wound love had given him throbbled duller and duller. His success and the affection and admiration of his parents, made him think more highly of himself, and recent with more spirit Margaret's ingratitude and discourtesy. For all that, she had power to cool him towards the rest of her sex, and now for every reason he wished to be ordained priest as soon as he could pass the intermediate orders. He knew the Vulgate already better than most of the clergy, and he studied the rubric and the dogmas of the church with his friends the monks; and, the first time the bishop came that way, he applied to be admitted "exorcist," the third step in holy orders. The bishop questioned him, and ordained him at once. He had to kneel, and after a short prayer, the bishop delivered to him a little MS. full of exorcisms, and said, "Take this, Gerard, and have power to lay hands on the possessed, whether baptized or catechumens!" and he took it reverently, and went home invested by the church with power to cast out demons.

Returning home from the church, he was met by little Kate on her crutches.

"Oh, Gerard! who, think you, has been at our house, seeking you?—the Burgomaster himself."

Gerard started and changed color.

"Ghybrecht Van Swieten? What would he with me?"

"Nay, Gerard, I know not. But he was urgent to see you. You are to go to his house on the instant."

"Well, he is the Burgomaster: I must go; but it likes me not. Kate, I have seen him cast such a look on me as no friend casts. No matter; such looks forewarn the wise. Besides, he knows—"

"Knows what, Gerard?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Kate, I'll go."

And he went to Ghybrecht Van Swieten's house.

CHAPTER VII.

Ghybrecht Van Swieten was an artful man. He opened on the notice with something quite wide of the mark he was really aiming at. "The town records," said he, "are crabbedly written, and the ink rusty with age. He offered Gerard the honor of transcribing them fair."

Gerard inquired what he was to be paid.

Ghybrecht offered a sum that would have just purchased the pens, ink, and parchment.

"But, Burgomaster, my labor! Here is a year's work."

"Your labor? Call you marking parchment labor? Little sweat goes to that I trow."

"Tis labor, and skilled labor to boot; and that is better paid in all crafts than rote labor, sweat or no sweat. Besides, there's my time."

"Your time? Why, what is time to you, at two and twenty?"

Then, fixing his eyes keenly on Gerard, to mark the effect of his words, he said:

"Nay, rather, you are idle grown. You are

in love. Your body is with these chanting monks, but your heart is with Peter Brandt and his red-haired girl."

"I know no Peter Brandt."

This denial confirmed Ghybrecht's suspicion that the center-out of demons was playing a deep game.

"Ye lie!" he shouted. "Did I not find you at her elbow on the road to Rotterdam?"

"Ah!"

"Ah! And you were seen at Sevenbergen but 'other day.'"

"Was I?"

"Ay, and at Peter's house."

"At Sevenbergen?"

"Ay, at Sevenbergen."

Now, this was what in modern days is called a draw. It was a guess, put boldly forth as fact, to elicit by the young man's answer whether he had been there lately or not.

The result of the artifice surprised the crafty one. Gerard started up in a strange state of nervous excitement.

"Burgomaster," said he, with trembling voice, "I have not been at Sevenbergen this three years, and I know not the name of those you saw me with, nor where they dwelt; but, as my time is precious, though you value it not, give you good day."

And he darted out, with his eyes sparkling. Ghybrecht started up in huge ire; but he sank into his chair again.

"He fears me not. He knows something, if not all."

Then he called hastily to his trusty servant, and almost dragged him to a window.

"See you yon man?" he cried. "Haste! Follow him! But let him not see you. He is young, but old in craft. Keep him in sight all day. Let me know whither he goes, and what he does."

It was night when the servant returned.

"Well! well!" cried Van Swieten, eagerly. "Master, the young man went from you to Sevenbergen."

Ghybrecht groaned.

"To the house of Peter, the Magician."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Look into your own heart and write," said Herr Cant; and earth's echoes echoed the cry. Look into the Rhine where it is deepest, and the Thames where it is thickest, and paint the bottom. Lower a bucket into a well of self-deception, and what comes up must be immortal truth, mustn't it? Now, in the first place, no son of Adam ever reads his own heart at all, except by the habit acquired and the light gained from some years' perusal of other hearts; and even then, with his acquired sagacity and reflected light, he can but spell and decipher his own heart, not read it fluently."

Gerard was so young and green that he needed no philosophizing to lead him into shallow water. Half-way to Sevenbergen he looked into his own heart, and asked it why he was going to Sevenbergen. His heart replied with out a moment's hesitation. We are going out of mere curiosity, to know why she jilted us, and to show her it has not broken our hearts, and that we are quite content with our honors and our benefice in prospect, and don't want her or any of her folk's sex.

He soon found out Peter Brandt's cottage; and there sat a girl in the doorway, plying her needle, and a stalwart figure leaned on a long bow and talked to her. Gerard felt an uncomfortable pang at the sight of him. However, the man turned out to be past fifty years of age, an old soldier, whom Gerard remembered to have seen shoot at the butts with admirable force and skill. Another minute and the youth stood before them. Margaret looked up and dropped her work, and uttered a faint cry, and was white and red by turns. But these signs of emotion were swiftly dismissed, and she turned far more chill and indifferent than she would if she had not betrayed this agitation.

"What! is it you, Master Gerard? What on earth brings you here, I wonder?"

"I was passing by and saw you; so I thought I would give you good day, and ask after your father."

"My father is well. He will be here anon."

"Then I may as well wait till he comes."

"As you will. Good Martin, step into the village and tell my father here is a friend of his."

"And not of yours?"

"My father's friends are mine."

"That is doubtful. It was not like a friend to promise to wait for me, and then make me the moment my back was turned. Cries Margaret! you little know how I searched the town for you—how for want of you nothing was pleasant to me."

"These are idle words: If you had desired my father's company, or mine, you would have come back. There I had a bed laid for you, sir, at my cousin's, and he would have made much of you, and who knows I might have made much of you, too. I was in the humor that day. You will not catch me in the same mind again, neither you nor any young man, I warrant me."

"Margaret, I came back the moment the countess let me go. But you were not there."

"Nay, you did not, or you had seen Hans Clooterman at our table; we left him to bring you on."

"I saw no one there, but only a drunken man that had just tumbled down."

"At our table? How was he clad?"

"Nay, I took little heed; in red and colored garb."

At this Margaret's face gradually lighted with a mixture of archness and happiness; then assuming incredulity and severity, she put many shrewd questions, all of which Gerard answered most loyally. Finally, the clouds cleared, and they guessed how the misunderstanding had come about. Then came a revelation of tenderness, all the more powerful that they had done each other wrong; and then, more dangerous still, came mutual confessions. Neither had been happy since; neither ever would have been happy but for this fortunate meeting.

And Gerard found a MS. Valgiate lying open on the table, and pounced upon it like a hawk. MSS. were his delight; but before he could get to it, two white hands quickly came fast upon the page, and a red face confronted him.

"Nay, take away your hands, Margaret, that I may see where you are reading, and I will read there too at home; so shall my soul meet yours in the sacred page. You will not?"

"Nay, then, I must kiss them away."

And he kissed them so often, that for very shame, they were fain to withdraw, and lo! the sacred book proved to be open at

An apple of gold in a net-work of silver.

"There, now," said she, "I had been hunting for it ever so long, and found it but even now—and to be caught!" and with a touch of insolent superiority the pointed it out to Gerard with her white finger.

"Ay," said he, "but to-day it is all hidden in that great cap."

"May be; but what it hides is beautiful."

"It is not—it is hideous."

"Well, it was beautiful at Rotterdam."

"Ay, everything was beautiful that day."

And now Peter came in, and welcomed Gerard cordially, and would have him to stay to supper. And Margaret disappeared; and Gerard had a nice learned chat with Peter; and Margaret re-appeared with her hair in her silver net, and shot a glance, half airy, half coy, and she glided about them, and spread supper, and beamed bright with gaiety and happiness. And in the cool evening Gerard coaxed her out, and coaxed her on to the road to Tergoon, and there they strolled up and down, hand in hand; and when he must go, they pledged each other never to quarrel or misunderstand one another again; and they sealed the promise with a long, loving kiss, and Gerard went home on wings.

From that day Gerard spent most of his evenings with Margaret, and the attachment deepened and deepened on both sides till the hours they spent together were the hours they lived; the rest they counted and underwent. And at the outset of this deep attachment, all went smoothly; obstacles there were, but they seemed distant and small to the eyes of hope, youth and love. The feelings and passions of so many persons, that this attachment would thwart, gave no warning smoke to show their volcanic nature and power. The course of true love ran smoothly, placidly, until it had drawn these two young hearts into its current forever, and then—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CRAN MANURE FOR WHEAT.—THE STRAN PROCEED, &c.—At the recent meeting of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture, a sheet of very fine wheat was presented by J. M. Thomas, Esq., which was grown upon the farm of Benjamin Hughes, at Town Bank, near Cape Island, N. J. Accompanying the specimen was a letter from Mr. Thomas, which stated that the wheat was a portion raised upon three and a quarter acres of the poorest land in the county. The land had been manured with horse-foot or King crabs, about 5,000 being put on to the acre. The result was an extraordinary yield of wheat, the field of 34 acres producing 101 bushels, weighing 62 pounds to the bushel, the stalks averaging 4 feet 3 inches in height. The crabs can be gathered to any extent along the shore adjoining the land. The experiment of using this description of manure Mr. Thomas considered highly successful, but he did not more than two or three years. This fall he intends to put the ground in buckwheat, and will inform the Society of the result. The members present examined the specimen, and were much pleased with its appearance, but stated that this mode of manuring was not new. It was peculiarly applicable to land near the seashore, where the crabs could be easily procured.

The Committee upon the plan of the new State Board of Agriculture, reported that the documents were all ready, and would be forwarded to the County Societies at once.

The Committee on Implements and Inventions presented a long report, giving a description of Fawkes's Steam Plough, and its performance at the trials at Oxford Park. A description of the machine is already published. The report stated that the machine had been tested on timely soil which had not been ploughed for seven years. The machine turned as easily on the ploughing ground, in as short a time as could have been done with a single plough and pair of horses. The mean distance of the crabs was four miles and the united furrows were nine feet four inches wide. A strip four miles long by nine feet four inches wide, equal to 197,120 feet, was ploughed, which, divided by the number of feet in an acre, gives almost exactly 4.3-10 acres per hour. One freeman and one engine only are required to work the engine and ploughs. The machine consumes half a ton of coal per day, or its equivalent in fuel. The plough was run over gulleys and abrupt elevations, and stood every test indicated by the Committee in the most satisfactory manner. Its performance proved its perfect adaptation to prairie cultivation and to the tillage of large fields. By a very simple arrangement, the roller, which is composed of wooden staves bolted to open iron heads, may be lifted from the ground, geared directly to the piston rod, and thus converted into a rapidly-revolving drum, over which a band is passed, and the whole converted into a farm engine, for driving saws, threshing machines, &c. The machine is a ready conversion of a ploughing locomotive into a farm engine, multiplying vastly the uses of the machine. Viewed only as a steam plough, the Committee regard it as the greatest achievement yet made in agricultural engineering, and recommend that the highest testimonial of merit of the Society be awarded to the inventor.

Mr. Clements moved that the Society present Mr. Fawkes with a gold medal, for his invention of the steam plough, which was unanimously agreed to. The style of medal is that got up by John Hare Powell for new inventions and has not been presented to any person for many years.

Delegates were appointed to visit the Agricultural Exhibitions to be held by the Bucks, Montgomery, Chester, Delaware and Berks County Societies of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, and the Burlington, Camden and Gloucester County Societies of New Jersey; the New York State Society; the United States Agricultural Exhibition; and also delegates to the Pennsylvania Farm School.

AN OFF-SET.—The N. Y. Tribune says, the very latest affair is that of a wealthy merchant down town, who found a deficit of \$10,000 in the account of one of his clerks. He called the defaulter to account, and told him that if the money was not at once returned he would arrest and expose him. The clerk mildly informed his employer that he reckoned he should not return the cash, and that he further concluded that he had a sufficient offset. "Off-set," said the merchant, "what do you mean by offset?" "I mean my wife," returned the clerk. Not another word was said about the \$10,000.

A CELEBRATION was held on the 2nd at Plymouth, to inaugurate a statue in memory of the "Pilgrim Fathers."

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE INTERVIEW OF THE EMPEROR.—Some little private information relative to the interview of the two Emperors has this morning been acquired. Exactly at 9 on the morning of the 11th, the Emperor Francis Joseph reached Villa Franca, where he was received by the Emperor of the French with great apparent kindness, and even a show of deference. The two monarchs took breakfast and remained together until five in the afternoon, and it would appear that they settled the bases for the preliminary of peace before they parted. In military circles it is stated that Louis Napoleon showed certain documents to the Emperor of Austria which removed any doubt he might have felt about the necessity for sacrificing Lombardy. "The two documents," said an edifying source, "was a Franco-Austrian peace project, which was based on the cession of Venetia as well as Lombardy, and the other was a dispatch, in which Francis expressed his resolve not to draw his sword in defense of any part of the Austrian possessions in Italy."—Vienna Correspondent of the London Times.

The correspondent of the London Times says:—"Orders, dictated by a feeling of delicacy, had been given that only privileged persons should approach the place of the interview. Every care had been taken not to wound the pride of the Emperor of Austria, to whom it would, doubtless, have been disagreeable to be presented to the Emperor of France by the Emperor of Austria."

The meeting of the two sovereigns was fixed for nine o'clock. At a quarter of an hour before, Napoleon III. arrived at the spot, and he came before the time in order that he might go on for a short distance to meet the Emperor of Austria. Francis Joseph soon made his appearance, and seeing that his late adversary had come to receive him, stepped forward his horse. When the two parties had come near, the escorts stopped short, and the Emperors advanced into the centre of the unoccupied space. The escort of the Emperor Napoleon was composed of Marshal Vaillant, General Martigny, General Fleury, the officers of the imperial household and of the staff, and of a squadron of the Cent Gardes and one of the Guides, all in their splendid full dress uniforms. His Majesty rode the fine bay horse which he has used since the commencement of the campaign. He wore the undress uniform of a general division, with the kepi. The Emperor of Austria also wore an undress uniform, and a blue uniform frock coat, and was followed by his staff, a squadron of his body-guard, composed of nobles, and a squadron of Hungarians. It is said that he was much struck with the martial bearing of the French cavalry, and that in presence of the Cent Gardes and the Guides, the Austrian body-guard and the Hungarians did not appear to advance. On the two sovereigns meeting in the mid space, they courteously saluted and shook hands. The Emperor of Austria appeared pleased with the cordial welcome and open manner of the Emperor Napoleon.

The two Emperors remained for a moment alone in the middle of the road and exchanged a few words. They then respectively presented the officers of their staffs; and the moment after the several officers were intermingled, and Marshal Vaillant was seen in conversation with Baron de Hesse, Napoleon III. and the Emperor Francis Joseph then advanced side by side towards Villa Franca, the Cent Gardes giving the precedence to the body-guard of the Emperor of Austria. The two sovereigns then walked in the way, but the Guides passing behind the Hungarians. At Villa Franca, the house of M. Carlo Morelli, situated in the principal street of the town, had been prepared to receive the two sovereigns. The Emperor of Austria had passed a night there before the battle of Solferino. It is a handsome, comfortable but simple, and not remarkable for any extraordinary attractions. I had visited it early in the morning, and saw, in addition to the bedroom of the Austrian Emperor, the sitting-room in which the conference was to take place some hours later. The furniture and curtains were green, and the walls painted in distemper. There were several tables; all that I know is that when the two sovereigns issued forth from the conference, they seemed both perfectly satisfied. The word to mount was then given, and in an instant all were in the saddle. The Emperor of Austria uttered a few words expressive of the admiration he felt for the French army, and did Marshal Vaillant and General Martigny and General Fleury the honor of shaking hands with them. The two sovereigns then took leave of each other with the greatest cordiality; and the next moment each splendid cortege was on the way back to the place from which it had started. The Emperor of the French entered Valleggio a little after 11. The interview had evidently been very satisfactory, for his Majesty appeared to be in excellent humor. He had scarcely dismounted when the King arrived on horseback, and a short time after him Prince Napoleon, in a kind of fourgon.

A Turin letter states that when the Emperor Napoleon announced to King Victor Emmanuel the terms of the treaty of Villa Franca, he said, "Has your Majesty any observations to make?" The King, understanding at once the situation, replied by the question, "Has your Majesty anything to add?" The two sovereigns bowed and parted.

THE POPE'S EXHIBITIONS.—In a letter from Valleggio, of the 1st, written by M. Texier, of the *Socie*, we read—"Solferino presented a picture of desolation. I saw an old man, like all the inhabitants of the village, had fled on the previous evening, come back, leading a child by each hand, to seek his poor house among the ruins. He stopped before a devastated cottage, heaved a profound sigh, and then cried out, 'Why are we, the poor inhabitants of this country, always to pay for what others do?' And then, crossing the threshold of his house, he sat on the floor, and burst into tears."

SPRINGS OF THE EMPEROR RELATIVE TO THE TREATY OF VILLA FRANCA.—Paris, July 20, 1859.—The *Moniteur* contains the following:—Yesterday evening the Emperor received the great bodies of the State, the President of the Republic, M. Trochu, Comte de Montigny, and M. Baroche, addressed congratulatory speeches to his Majesty. The Emperor thanked them for their devotion, and then explained the reasons for his conduct during the great events. He said:—

Arrived beneath the walls of Verona, the struggle was inevitably about to change its nature, as well in a military as a political aspect. Obligated to attack the enemy in front, who was entrenched behind great fortresses, and protected on his flank by the neutrality of the surrounding territory, and about to begin a long and barren war, I found myself in the face of Europe, in arms, ready to dispute our common or aggregate our reverses. Nevertheless, the difficulty of the enterprise would not have shaken my resolution, if the means had not been out of proportion to the results to be expected.

It was necessary to crush boldly the obstacles opposed, and then to accept a conflict on

the Rhine as well as on the Adige. It was necessary to fortify ourselves openly, with the concurrence of revolution. It was to go on shuddering previous blood, and at last risk that which a sovereign should only stake for the independence of his country. If I have stopped, it was neither through weariness or exhaustion, nor through shunning the noble cause which I desired to serve, but the interests of France. I felt great reluctance to put reliance upon the order of our soldiers, to retreat from my programme the territory from the Minio to the Adriatic, and to see vanish from honest hearts noble delusions and patriotic hopes.

In order to serve the independence of Italy, I made war against the mind of Europe, and as soon as the destiny of my country might be endangered, I made peace. Our efforts and our sacrifices—have they been merely losses?

No! we have a right to be proud of this campaign. We have vanquished an army numerous, brave and well organized. Piedmont has been obliged to leave Italy. Her frontiers have been extended to the Minio. The idea of an Italian nationality has been admitted by those who combated it most. All the sovereigns of the peninsula comprehend the wants of salutary reforms. Thus, after having given a new proof of the military power of France, the peace which I desired to see the result of happy results. The future will every day reveal the official cause for the happiness of Italy, the welfare of France, and the tranquility of Europe.

His SPEECH TO THE DIPLOMATIC BODY.—Paris, July 22.—The *Moniteur* contains the following:—The Emperor yesterday received the diplomatic corps. The Emperor, speaking in the name of the diplomatic corps, offered the Emperor his earnest and sincere congratulations on his happy return, and on his resolution to conclude peace. The Emperor, in reply, said:—

"Europe was, in general, so unjust to me at the beginning of the war, that I was happy to be enabled to conclude peace as soon as the honor and interests of France were satisfied, and to prove that it had never been my intention to overturn Europe and to provoke a general war. I hope, to day, that all reasons for disunion will disappear, and that peace will be of long duration. I thank the diplomatic corps for their congratulations."

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S MAXIMOS.—When all concessions

Agricultural.

OUR FARM OF TWO ACRES.

BY HARRIST MARTINEAU.

Half a century ago, there was a good deal of sentiment in the temper and manners of people who had the management of land. The great landowners were introducing improvements, the small farmers were giving up an unprofitable game, and the large farmers—trusting in the Corn-law—claimed to have their own way, did not care to study their art, unless they lived near Mr. Coke or the Duke of Bedford, and laughed at everybody who attempted tillage on a small scale.

This sentiment brought out William Cobbett, with his strong spirit of antagonism, to contradict every innocent saying, and almost every received maxim of the class; and he broadly and positively declared that a cow and pig could be kept on a quarter of an acre of land. He explained in detail how this might be done; and a great number of people have followed his instructions, finding, for the most part, that though the thing might be practicable for one year, or occasionally at intervals, it is not true that, one year with another, a cow and pig can be kept on a quarter of an acre of land. Since the repeal of the Corn-law great changes have taken place in the general mind as to what quantity of land will and will not repay the efforts of the husbandman. The prodigious improvements which have been introduced into agriculture have benefited small properties as well as large; and the same science and art which render it good economy to expend thousands of pounds on the tillage of a large farm enable the intelligent husbandman to obtain from a few rods an amount of value which nobody but Cobbett dreamed of in the last generation. We do not know that the regular "small-farming" of a former century has as yet revived among us; the competition of the holder of thirty or fifty acres with the tenant of a thousand; but the experiment of making the most of two or three acres is at present one which attracts a good deal of attention. There are few signs of the times in economy and social affairs more thoroughly worthy of the interest it has excited.

There are two classes of persons, broadly speaking, to whom this experiment is of consequence—the husbandman who lives by his land, and gentry, especially ladies, who happen to have a little ground attached to their dwellings, from which it is just as well to derive comfort and luxury, or pecuniary profit, as not. Two remarkable and very interesting statements have been published on the part of these two classes; and I, the present writer, am about to offer a third, in order to render the presentment of the case of miniature farming complete.

John Sillett, the Suffolk shopkeeper, who forsook the shop and took to the spade, recovering his health and maintaining his family in comfort on two acres of land, has given us his experience in his well-known pamphlet of seven years ago, on "Fork and Spade Husbandry." The great extent of Freshford Land Societies affords to a multitude of townsmen in England the means of leaving town industry for rural independence, as John Sillett did, if they choose to work as he did, and it seems probable that a future generation may see a revival of the order of peasant proprietors in this country which was supposed to have died out forever. As to the other class to whom small farming may do good, we have just been presented with an agreeable description of their case in the little volume called "Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we made by it." In my opinion the book is somewhat too tempting. The statements, each one no doubt perfectly true in itself, will require some modification when taken to represent the first six years, instead of the first six months of the experiment; but the narrative is so fresh and animated—the example of enterprise and energy is so wholesome, and the scheme of life so wise, that the book must be a real boon to a class of society which sorely needs such aid—the class of gentlemen who have not enough to do. We hear a great deal of the penalties of an unnatural mode of life endured by single and widowed women in confined circumstances, who pine away their lives in towns; and we see many who do not suffer from poverty, losing health and energy for want of interesting occupation. If this book should induce only one in a hundred of these languid women to try a country life, with the amusement of a little farming in a safe way, it will have been a blessing to our generation.

John Sillett's experiment was one of fork and spade husbandry exclusively. That of the ladies on the Four Acres was an experiment of grazing, almost exclusively. Mine is one of an intermediate order. I do not derive the subsistence of a household from my two acres; nor do I keep cows and pigs on the easy conditions of a plentiful allowance of grass and arable land, with the resource of a Right of Common, to serve at every pinch. I am obliged to keep a considerable portion of my little plot in grass; but my main dependence for the subsistence of my cows is on fork and spade husbandry. Thus, like the ladies, I keep cows for comfort and luxury, to which I may add the serious consideration of creating a subsistence for a laborer and his wife; while, with John Sillett, I obtain the value of the ground and animals chiefly by tillage, instead of merely gathering in the expensive commodity of grass. The case is this—

I bought a field, in order to build myself a house, in a beautiful valley in the north of England. The quantity of land was somewhat less than two acres and a quarter, of which more than half an acre was rock. On the rocky portion stands the house, with its terrace and ash walks behind and flanking it. An acre and a quarter was left in grass, which I at first let for grazing for £4 10s. a year. Enough ground was left for a few vegetables and flower beds, which the women of the household took such care of as they could. At the end of a year from our entrance upon our pretty home in the field, the state of things was this. The meadow was a constant eyecore; for the tenant

took no sort of care of it. His cow was there, ruin a shine, without shelter or shade, and usually ill, one way or another. The grass was lumpy and woody. Sheep burst in through the hedge on the south boundary, that hedge being no business of mine, but belonging to the tenant on the other side. It was a broad, straggling, woody hedge, which harbored vermin, and sent showers of seeds of pestilent weeds into my garden ground; and as sure as my cabbages began to grow, the hungry sheep—sharp-set as they are in March—made their way in, and ate off a whole crop in the night. It cost me from £8 to £10 a year to hire an occasional gardener, by whom the aspect of the place was barely kept decent.

At the same time, my household were badly off for some essential comforts. The supply of milk in our neighborhood could never be depended on; and it failed when it was most wanted—in the travelling season when the district was thronged with strangers. During that season, even the supply of meat was precarious. Poultry, hams, eggs, butter, everything was precarious or unobtainable; so that house-keeping was, in the guest season, a real anxiety. Becoming nearly desperate under difficulties which townsfolk scarcely dream of, I ventured upon the experiment—more bold eleven years ago than now—of using my own patch of land for the production of comforts for my own household. I have made this explanation because I wish it to be clearly understood that I did not propose to make money by my miniature farming, and should never have undertaken it with any such view. I could not afford to lose money. The experiment must pay itself or stop. But, here was the land, with its attendant expenses; here were our needs and discomforts; the experiment was to make the one compensate the other. At the end of eleven years, I find that the plan has been unquestionably successful, though some of the estimates of the first two or three seasons have been modified, and an average of agricultural mishaps has occurred, as if to render the enterprise a fair specimen. It has, on the whole, been sufficiently successful to attract a great deal of notice, and influence some proceedings in the neighborhood; and, therefore, as I conceive, to justify my adding one more illustration to those which already exist of the benefit of making the most of a small area of land.

The first essential was a laborer. I obtained one from an agricultural county, as spade husbandry was a thing unheard of in my own neighborhood. He brought his wife; and his wages were at first 12s. a week, out of which he paid the low rent of 1s. 6d. per week for his cottage; a model cottage which I built, with the cow-house adjoining, for £130. These stone dwellings last for ever, and need few or no repairs, so that money is well invested in them; and I regard as a good investment the money afterwards laid out in a hay-house, a little boiling-house, a root-house, two fowl-yards, and a commodious stone dwelling for the pig. My man's wages were raised by degrees; and they are now 14s. a week all the year round, with the cottage rent free. The wife has the use of my wash-house and its apparatus, and opportunities of earning a good deal by means of them. In case of my scheme not answering, there was a certainty that the cottage and other buildings would let at any moment, with the land; while their quality would not deteriorate with time, like that of brick or wooden buildings.

The other requisite preparations were tanks for manure, implements, and some additional fencing. Two tanks, well cemented within, and covered by heavy stone-lids, receive the sewage and slops of every kind from the house, cottage, and cow-stable and a larger tank, among a clump of trees in a far corner of the field, receives the sweepings of stable and sty, and the bulk of the manure. The implements are spades, an elastic steel fork, hoes, rakes, a scythe, shears, and clippers, a heavy roller for the meadow, a chaff-cutting, a currying-comb and brushes for the cows' coats; troughs, milk-pails, and the apparatus of the boiling-house and dairy; to which were afterwards added a barrel on wheels to receive soap-suds and other slops at back doors for the liquid manure-pit; a garden-engine of large powers, and a frame and hand-glasses for the kitchen-garden. About a third part of these implements were necessary for the more gardening which we attempted so unprofitably before we had a laborer on the premises.

I am not going to speak of our dairy affairs now; I will do so hereafter; but my present subject is the tillage of the soil: and will therefore say no more here about cows than that we began with one, and finding that we could keep two for almost as little trouble as one—the stable and the man being provided—I rented another half-acre adjoining my field, at £1 15s. a year, and kept two cows, thus securing a supply of milk for the whole year. We produce food enough for about a cow and a half, besides vegetables and fruit for the household, and find it answer to buy the requisite addition to the winter food, as I will explain at another time.

Here, then, we were at the outset, with simply our cow stable, pig-house, and tanks, and an acre and a quarter of ground on which to work, to produce food for a cow and pig, besides household vegetables; fettered also with the necessity, that on account of the view from the windows, at least three quarters of an acre must remain in grass, the most expensive of all conditions. We pared off the corners, and laid them into the arable part, in the first instance, so as to leave the grassy area just three quarters of an acre. To finish with the pasture first, the treatment it requires is this: Before the winter rains we give the grass a good dressing of guano every alternate year, or of bones broken, but not to powder, every third year. Early in winter the whole is strewn with manure from the tank, and a compost heap we have in a hidden corner of the new half-acre. At the end of February this is raked away, and the meadow is bush-harrowed. A month later it is well rolled and weeded, if any noxious weeds, such as oxeye daisies, or bi-shop's weed, are found rooted in it. If any moss appears after long rains it is treated with lime. This care is well repaid by the beauty of the surface and the value of the grass. The little spot is conspicuous for its greenness when all the rest of the valley is of



WE HAVE been favored with the following communication from an indolent young man; and as it strikes us as being much the coolest thing we have met with this hot weather, we print it—

"DEAR P.,
"July 28.—Thermometer over so much in the shade.
"In reply to your heartless letter, on affairs of a business character, I beg to inform you that I am dead, and with no intention of injuring my precious health by any exertion, bodily or mental. Make what use you please of this information, and accept the assurance of my most distinguished regard and esteem.
Signed,"

a uniform hay color; and there is no hay in the neighborhood to compare with ours. The cows eat of the first growth in April. It is then shut up for six weeks or so for hay, and is mown towards the end of June, when it yields nearly three tons to the acre. We do not exhaust the ground by mowing it twice, but allow the cows to feed it pretty close till November. After two winters we found that the anxiety of keeping such hay stacked in a rainy climate was more than the thing was worth; and I therefore built a hay-house, and was only sorry that I had put it off so long. Knowing what the plague of rats is in such buildings, I adopted the only perfect security—that of using such materials as no vermin can penetrate. The floor was flagged as carefully as a kitchen floor, and slate stones went deep into the ground below the flags. A few years later, when a winter inundation penetrated every place in the levels of the valley, and wetted our hay, I granted a raised wooden floor to the entrance of our farm-man; and there our hay and straw kept perfectly well in all kinds of winters.

Hay, however, is an extravagant kind of food for cows; and ours have it only for variety, and as a resource when other things fail, and when they calve, or happen to be ill. Our main dependence is on roots and vegetables. As this was nearly a new idea in the neighborhood, we were prodigiously ridiculed, till our success induced first respect and then imitation. It was a current maxim, that it takes three acres of land to feed a cow; and this may be very true in the hill pastures, which are mossy and untended. Our milk would cost us sixpence a quart, it was said—we were starving our poor cow—we were petting our cow, so that she was like a spoiled child—such were the remarks till events silenced them, and people came to see how we arranged our ground, so as to get such crops out of it. We constantly gave in explanation the current rule. "The more manure, the more green crops; the more green crops, the more stock; the more stock, the more manure." And, by degrees, the true principle of stall feeding and spade-tillage became clear to all inquirers.

Our soil is light—not very deep (lying above slaty stone), sufficiently fertile, and easily treated, but so stony in parts as to dismay a laborer from a clay or sand district. The neighbors advised my man to cover up the stones, and think no more of them; but we concluded that it would be better to make use of some of them. We dug deep where the garden paths were to be, and filled in the stones, so as to make drains of the garden walks. Others went to mend the occupation road which runs along the field, and through the half-acre. On the south side, and in the half-acre, there is scarcely a stone, and the tillage is perfectly easy. Our way is to dig two spits deep, straight down, manure richly, and leave abundant space between both the plants and the rows. Hence our fine roots, and our weight of produce.

I need say nothing of our garden tillage, except that, with the exception of winter potatoes, we obtain an abundant supply of vegetables for a household of four persons, and their occasional guests. All common fruits become more plentiful every year. This being understood, we are here concerned only with the food for the cows and pig. In summer, we sow cabbage seed—being careful about the kind, as the common cow cabbage spoils the milk and butter. A kind between the Ham and Victoria cabbage is by the Norfolk people considered the best. The young plants are pricked out in early autumn, some hundreds per week for six weeks, to secure a succession next year. They should be eighteen inches apart, in rows a yard apart; and if they can be allowed to keep their places till they weigh ten or twelve pounds apiece, they of course afford a great bulk of food for the animals. Anywhere above four pounds is, however, worth the ground. The rows being placed so wide apart, is to allow of the sowing of roots between them.

In April and May we sow turnips (Swedes especially), carrots (particularly Belgian), and mangold in the centre of the spaces left; and, by the time the root crops have been thinned, and are past the danger of the fly, the cabbages are fit to be cut. The alternate ones are taken first, and light and air are thus let in freely. The cabbages begin to be very substantial about mowing time, and fill up all intervals till November; that is, while the grass is growing after hay-making, and between the first, second and third gathering of the mangold leaves. It is the fashion now to discourage the thinning of the mangold; but we find the roots rather the better than the worse for the process. If they were not, we could still hardly spare the resource of those three leaf crops; but the fact is, no such mangold as ours is grown anywhere near; and strangers come to look at it, both in the ground and in the root-house. We now devote the arable part of our rented half-acre to this root, except when it is necessary to grow grain for a change, which happens every third or fourth year; and this last year we obtained about six tons from a quarter of an acre. It keeps admirably; and our cows were still enjoying it a month before Midsummer. There is an occupation-road through the half-acre, which produces only grass; and the same is true of a strip running its whole length, under a row of noble ash trees, which of course prevent all tillage under their shade and within the circuit of their roots. The arable portion amounts, in fact, to hardly one-third of an acre.

We early obtained a small addition to our territory, in a rather odd way. After we had suffered from two or three invasions of sheep, through the great ugly hedge, I received an occasional hint that the neighboring tenant wished I would take that hedge into my own hands. Seeing no reason why I should trouble myself with such vexatious and unprofitable piece of property, I paid no attention to the hints; but my farm man at length intimated that he could make a good thing of it, if I would let him demolish the hedge, which he would undertake, except felling the pollard-ashes, with his own hands. He was sure the contents of the hedge, and the ground we should get by it, would pay for a good new fence. It did indeed pay. We had firewood enough for more than one winter, and a good deal of soil; and we gained a strip of ground about three feet wide, the whole length of the field. Moreover, my neighbor obtained the same quantity, to the great augmentation of his friendship for us. The new fence cost £9. It is a cross-pole fence—the only kind which is found effectual here against the incursions of sheep. They leap upon a wall; they burst through a hedge; they thrust themselves through a post-and-rail fence; but they can get no footing on a cross-pole fence; and only the youngest lambs can creep through the interstices. The material used is split larch poles; and those who object that such a fence is not durable, must have omitted the precaution of tarring the ends which enter the ground. With that precaution it may last a lifetime; and it is easily mended if a pole here and there should go before the rest. It occupies the smallest portion of ground, is no hindrance to air and sunshine, and is remarkably pretty. When covered with roses, as mine is for the greater part, it is a luxury to look upon, reminding travellers of the rose-covered trellises of hot countries, as in Louisiana, Damascus, and Egypt. We were so delighted with it that I carried it along the bottom of the field, where also I was not chargeable with the care of the fence. I see strangers come in and examine it, and try to shake it, as if they thought it a dainty affair for a farm, even on a miniature scale; but I believe it will out-last the present generation of inhabitants, human and quadruped.

It will be necessary to give some account of our live stock and its produce before we can form an estimate of profit or loss on the whole scheme of my little farm. Meantime, we may say thus much:

Twelve years ago we saw about our dwelling an acre and a quarter of grass, in unsightly condition, grazed by a sickly cow; a few beds of flowers and a few more of vegetables—the former not well kept, and the latter far from productive—and, for the rest, a drive and little plantations, and slopes rarely neat, and always craving more care than we could give. For the grass I obtained, as I said, £4 10s. a year; and, to an occasional gardener, I paid from £6 to £10 a year. In connection with these particulars, we must remember the housekeeping troubles—bad butter, blue milk, and thin cream; costly vegetables which had travelled in the sun; hams costing £1 at least; eggs at 1d. each, and fowls scarce and skinny; and all this in a place where the supply of meat is precarious at the most important time of year.

The state of things now is wonderfully different. The whole place is in the neatest order conceivable; the slopes are mown, and the shrubs trimmed, and the paths clean; and the parterres gay, almost all the year round. With only three-quarters of an acre of grass, we have about £12 worth of hay; and part grazing for two cows for six months of the year. We have roots to the value of about £8 a year, exclusive of the benefit of their green part, which affords several cwt. of food. Then, there are the cabbages for the cows, which in favorable seasons have afforded the staple of their food for three or four months. In southern and eastern counties they would be a more ample and certain dependence than in the north. Then for the house, we have always had an over-supply of vegetables (except the winter store of potatoes), the surplus going, rather wastefully, to the pig. Beginning with cress, and radishes, lettuce, and early potatoes, and going through the whole series of peas and beans, turnips and carrots, spinach, onions and herbs, vegetable marrow and cucumbers, cabbages, cauliflowers, and broccoli, up to winter greens, we have abounded in that luxury of fresh-cut vegetables which townspeople can appreciate. All the common fruits follow of course. The comfort of having an active man on the premises, ready for every turn, is no small consideration in a household of women.

All these things have been created, we must observe—called out of the ground where they lay hid, as it were. This creation of subsistence and comfort is a good thing in itself; it remains to be seen whether it is justified by paying its own cost. This we shall learn when we have reviewed the history of our Dairy and Poultry-yard.

Useful Receipts.

PICKLES.—Kettles lined with porcelain should always be used in preference to those of brass, copper, or bell-metal. The verdigris produced by the vinegar on these metals, is extremely poisonous.

For most kinds of pickles, cold vinegar is the best. By boiling, much of the strength is lost by evaporation—consequently, the pickles are more liable to spoil.

Those requiring hot vinegar poured over them, should remain uncovered until perfectly cold.

Pickles should be kept in either glass or stone jars, and closely covered to exclude the air, otherwise they soon become soft. A small piece of alum in each jar, will make the pickles firm and crisp. One tablespoonful of sugar to each quart of vinegar, will be found a very great improvement to all pickles.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Wash your cucumbers very clean; make a pickle of salt and water, sufficiently strong to float an egg, and pour it over them. Put a weight on the top of the vessel to keep the cucumbers under the brine, and let them stand nine days; then take them out and wash them in fresh water. Line the bottom of your kettle with green cabbage leaves, put in your pickles, and as much vinegar and water, mixed in equal quantities, as will cover them. Put a layer of cabbage leaves on the top. Hang them over a slow fire; let the water get hot, but do not allow them to simmer, as that would soften them. When they are perfectly green, take them out and let them drain. Wipe them dry, put them in jars with some allspice, cloves, and a few small onions, or cloves, or garlic. A piece of alum in each jar will keep them firm. Cover your pickles with the best cider vinegar—tie them close and keep them in a cool, dry place. By adding one tablespoonful of sugar, it will be found a great improvement.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Throw your peaches, a few at a time, in hot lye; let them remain in it but two or three minutes, then put them in clear water, and wipe off all the down.

Make a strong brine, lay them in, and let them stand for two or three days. Take them out, wash and wipe them. Place them in jars, and cover with white wine vinegar, and loaf sugar, in the proportion of one quart of vinegar to one pound of sugar. Put them in glass jars, cover close, and keep in a dry, cool place.

PICKLED TOMATOES.—Take a peck of tomatoes—the small ones are best—wash them, pierce each one with a fork, put them in a deep pan and sprinkle salt between each layer. Let them stand two days, then rinse them in clear water. Put them in stone jars, cover with vinegar and water in equal parts, and let them remain till next day. Allow one gill of mustard seed, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of pepper grains, half an ounce of whole allspice, with two heads of garlic. Separate the garlic and take off the skins. Take the tomatoes out of the vinegar and water, empty the jars, put the pickles into them again, alternately with the spices, until the jars are three parts full. Then cover with cold vinegar, and cover close.

PICKLED GREEN TOMATOES.—Puncture the tomatoes with a fork, place them on a dish, and sprinkle with salt. Let them remain for two or three days, then rinse off the salt in clear water; put them in a preserving kettle, cover them with water, which keep scalding hot for one hour; then take them out, let them drain, and put them in jars.

Boil the vinegar, with some cloves, allspice, and stick cinnamon. When cold, pour over sufficient to cover them.—*Widdifield's Cook Book.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 4, 15, 13, 22, 17, 26, 24, was a surname of Venus.

My 27, 24, 15, 22, 28, 6, were the Fates.

My 36, 13, 1, 10, 6, 28, was the daughter of Hecate and the goddess of health.

My 28, 19, 30, 20, 34, 14, 26, 33, was the daughter of Mars and Venus and wife of Cadmus, who was changed into a serpent.

My 5, 21, 7, 27, 14, 20, 23, 26, 4, was one of the Muses.

My 11, 24, 6, 24, was a name of Cybele.

My 28, 26, 20, 10, 12, 19, one of the Pleiades.

My 24, 32, 24, 21, 30, 14, 36, was one of the infernal rivers.

My 7, 28, 18, 17, 26, 2, 24, was the daughter of Latona.

My 5, 8, 36, 23, 37, 3, 28, was the goddess of wisdom, the arts, and war.

My 22, 24, 32, 29, 13, 7, 31, were priests of Cybele.

My 32, 11, 28, 33, 4, 36, was a fabulous monster of gigantic size.

My 26, 6, 9, 19, was the daughter of Juno, goddess of youth.

My whole is a celebrated patriotic sentiment and the name of its composer.

Kenosha, Wis. ROBERT M. P.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 4, 11, 24, 29, 27, 12, was an American General.

My 28, 18, 23, 8, 14, was Prime Minister of England.

My 24, 15, 3, 9, 1, was Governor of New Netherlands.

My 9, 7, 21, 19, 2, 29, was Chief of the Police of France.

My 4, 24, 5, 33, 31, was an American Minister to France.

My 20, 26, 10, 12, 22, 16, was a Roman Senator.

My 17, 33, 30, 3, was a British officer.

My 12, 7, 1, 32, 27, was an American Consul at Tunis.

My 13, 10, 28, 25, 6, 5, was an officer in the American Army.

My whole was a dreadful calamity, which occurred in 1832.

Dayton, Ohio. W. H. WINTERS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an instrument you've heard of before,

My second you cross when going in at the door,

My third is in the earth, and also the same

May be found in your own true wonderful frame;

My fourth and my fifth are vowels known well,

And now I'm quite sure my whole you can tell;

But to make it more plain, though it may seem absurd,

Two-thirds of my whole was the wife of one-third.

W. WINDSOR.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Claimed by many, possessed by few,

Of value great, yet seldom bought;

Often avoided when claims are due,

For intrinsic worth as often sought.

Valued but little, unless entire,

If increased or diminished, injured more;

Like wood, which once put into the fire,

Forever keeps the searing touch.

In song and story often spread,

Heard in the summer's gentle breeze;

In rock and river often read,

And seen in flowers and swaying trees.

Secure and safe to always stay

Where little birds sing harmless songs,

And squirrels nimbly skip and play,

And naught is seen of man's gross wrongs.

Perchance you know what here is meant,

For it already has been told;

If not, but little time needs be spent,

Its name to guess or to unfold.

Peques, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Will any of your subscribers please work out the following sum, and give the rule or explanation?—John and David Bowles bought 248 acres and 28 poles of land, at \$60 per acre, and then divided the land so that John gets 195 acres and 3 poles, and David 53 acres and 25 poles. John is to pay \$7½ per acre more for his part than David is to pay for his. How much must each pay per acre and be equal to the \$60 per acre for the whole? This is an actual transaction, with the true names of the parties. Your friend and old subscriber,

LEONIDAS METCALFE.

Millersburg, Bourbon Co., Ky.

CONUNDRUMS.

THE MAIN LAW BRAYER?—Why cannot the Atlantic Telegraph go wrong? Ans.—Because it is right in the main.

A "NETTY POINT."—What would a nut say to you, if it could, when you begin to crack it?—None of your jaw, we expect.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf persons? Ans.—Because we cannot make them hear.

What is the young ladies' best friend? Ans.—Their looking glass, because it always gives them "aids to reflection."

If the alphabet were alive, why would you find it difficult to kill it? "Inferally," as the Irish man said. Ans.—Because it's plain you couldn't put the letter B out of "Being."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The surrender of the Hessians, at Trenton, to General Washington.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Discovery of gold, at Pike's Peak, Kansas.

CHARADE.—Cart wheel. CHARADE.—Carpet. RIDDLE.—G. P. R. James.

ANAGRAMS.—Publisher, Representative, Senator, Attorney, Astrologer, Surveyor, Merchant, Alderman, Cashier, Directors, Tragedian, Stationers.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.—84 rods.

ANSWER TO ARTEMAS MARTIN'S PROBLEM, put April 1868.—Sides of triangle, 150, 140, 130 rods.

Diameter of inscribed circle, 40 rods. Radius of circle which cuts off B's half of triangle, 84.52 rods.

Cost of A's fence, \$126.78. B's, \$719.36.